THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Stroller.
NO. IV.

WALL STREET.

Alone in Wall Street at this lonely hour,
When all are slumbering, save the city clocks!
The guardians of the night e'en feel its power,
And their stern bludgeons have forgot their knocks;
They dream, no doubt, of robbers and store-breakers,
And the reward that follows all thief-takers.

The clink of dollars is no longer heard,
Nor the sweet rustle of the smooth bank-bill;
No note protested in the hand is stirred,
No change is passing from the silent till.
The ink is drying in the unwiped pen,
Recordless of the debts of doubtful men.

The mighty folios of the Ledger rest,
Beside the Day Book and the Journal there;
And all around the room by foot unpressed,
Hangs the dim curtain of the darkened air:
The drowsy note-books for the morning wait,
The fire is smouldering in the unconscious grate.

Their heads are now upon the pillow laid,
Whose nod can save or sink a fellow man;
E'en now, perhaps, in slumber half afraid
To prosecute anew some favorite plan;—
Still to their view is held the doubted note,
Still restless dream they of the annual vote.

Ah! little thinks the slumbering cashier
How many hearts will sink upon the morrow,
How many faces will be blanched with fear,
How many aching bosoms throb with sorrow,
Of those who place with trembling hands before him,
The note that asks the fate that's hanging o'er him.

Methinks the atmosphere is different here—
Why should it not be? When the boundless wealth
That Captain Kidd brought from his roving sphere
On the blue main, and buried here by stealth,
Would be as nought, if emptied down beside
The bottomless vaults that in these buildings hide.

The spirit of the scene looks from above,
Like a fair angel dropping from the skies;
It may be Lucifer, or it may be Love,
That lifts above yon dome its sleepless eyes:—
Its shape and bearing are surpassing strange,
That veering mermaid, over the Exchange.

But I'll stay here no longer—lest I wake
The snoring watchman of the city Bank;
So leaving him his quiet snooze to take,
I'll to my bed:—and ere the sun has drank
The dew from yonder flower-pots, the wet sheet
Of foreign news the inquiring eye will meet.

Those blessed sheets! I would apostrophise
Their early folios ere I leave the spot;
Profoundly they're perused by curious eyes,
For news that's in them, and for news that's not:
Alike the merchant and the dapper clerk,
To scan their pages, leave all other work.

And here they're printed—in this very street:—
Nay, at this moment are setting up the types!
The paragraph is drying on the blotted sheet,
As drowsy editor his goose-quill wipes;
So will I mine:—and ere the Sweeps are screaming,
Of frontier wars and cholera I'll be dreaming.

☞

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXIV.

PEACEABLE DRUNKARDS.—The Norwegian, in his cups, does not seem disposed to change his occupation for fighting, or any species of intemperate folly or vice; and, I believe, nothing would more surprise an inhabitant of the sister isle, and a frequenter of Donnybrook, than the spectacle of a crowd of drunken Norwegians. Punch is a mixture of which the Norwegian is so fond, that he will drink it even without any view towards the benefit of his health. I recollect dining with a party of Norwegians in Holmestrand, when, after one of the party had drunk as much as he possibly could, "I can drink no more," said he, "but set the bowl under my nose." An anecdote, nearly similar, I have since heard of a navy mess dinner. A midshipman who, like the Norwegian toper, had exhausted his last swallowing effort, said, "I can swallow no more; but pour it over me—pour it over me."—*Derwent Conway's "Journey in Norway."*

A ROMAN BELLE.—Silk, immensely dear, was much worn in the age of Seneca. "The dress of our women," said the philosopher, "cannot be called clothing, as it neither hides their bodies nor preserves their modesty; as it is so transparent and closely fitted, that it serves to discover every part." Manlius Titus, the historian, informs us, "that the head, neck, and hands, were decked with precious stones; and the ladies' snowy feet shone with chains of gold."—"I have seen," says Pliny, "Lollia Paulina, wife of the Emperor Caligula, dressed, not in her best manner, with rows of emeralds and pearls totally covering her head and neck; bracelets on her wrists; rings on her fingers; while her ears glittered with jewels."

LONDON ROYAL EXCHANGE.—I am infinitely delighted in mixing with the several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages; sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews, and sometimes make one in a groupe of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times: or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what country man he was, replied, 'That he was a citizen of the world.'

When I have been upon 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions; and to see so many private men, who, in his time, would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negociating like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury.—*Addison.*

POPULAR PASTIMES IN GERMANY.—I was taken this morning to a public garden in the vicinity, where the "merry and wise" congregate during these solstitial days. It was a lively scene;—all were welcome that came, and all that came were apparently happy. There were cool shady arbours for the overheated or contemplative, green mazes for the restless to tire themselves in, and delightful seats to receive them when weary. There was smooth velvet turf for the waltzers, wine for the *herrschaft*, flowers and confections for the ladies, beer and tobacco for the *bourschaft*, music which kept the waltzers in a perpetual whirl, gave time an additional pair of wings, with a right merry holyday to all. It is thus the citizens and others, whose first business in life is to enjoy it, generally spend their afternoons. The early part of the day, which, with them, begins at four o'clock, is devoted to public or professional business. The diligence of the morning earns indulgence for the afternoon.—*Dr. Beattie's German Courts.*

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.—"Prayer to God, or service to the Emperor, is never lost;" so says a Russian proverb;" and it is usually repeated with the conviction that the service is more important than the prayer. The term service includes, in its signification, unconditional obedience to the authority of a superior, even though that superior should be only one class above the person he commands. This blind obedience extends from the general or minister, down to the common soldier or clerk, through all offices and classes in which service confers dignity. An affair of service, as it is styled, takes place of all other considerations; and the man who has quietly realized a fortune at the expense of the state, affects the most scrupulous conscientiousness in the fulfilment of any prescribed duties which are calculated to make him feel the full extent of his own slavery. Every verbal command given by a military officer to a soldier, or by a civil officer to a *dentshic* or vassal, is answered by the words *Slushey hospodin* (I obey my lord); and the individual who gives the order may confidently trust to its punctual fulfilment, as its neglect would be punished by a severe flogging. While a Russian is receiving commands, he stands stock still, like a soldier, without moving leg or arm; and at the close of every sentence delivered by his lord, he murmurs "*Slushey hospodin.*"—*Harring's "Poland."*

ANCIENT GRANDEUR OF MEDITERRANEAN AFRICA.—This region, which is now covered with thick darkness, and left so far behind in all the arts and attainments which exalt and adorn human nature, had, at that early period, taken the lead in these very particulars of all other nations. It included Egypt and Carthage, which, as the first seats of government and commerce, were the admiration of the ancient world. In the patriarchal ages, when Scripture history represents the Mesopotamian Plain, the scene of the future empires of Babylon and Assyria, as little more than a wide and open common, Egypt appears regularly organized, and forming a great and powerful kingdom; and when Greece was under the tumultuous sway of a multitude of petty chieftains, Homer already celebrates the hundred gates of Thebes, and the mighty hosts which, in warlike array, issued from them to battle. Egypt was illustrious, also, among the ancients as producing the first elements of learning and abstract science; the first approach to alphabetical writing by hieroglyphic emblems; the first great works in sculpture, painting, and architecture; and travellers even now find that country covered with magnificent monuments, erected at an era when the faintest dawn of science had not yet illumined the regions of Europe. While Egypt was thus pre-eminent in science and art, Carthage equally excelled in commerce and the wealth which it produces; by means of which she rose to such a degree of power as enabled her to hold long suspended, between herself and Rome, the scales of universal empire. In that grand struggle Carthage sunk amid a blaze of expiring glory, while Egypt, after having passed through many ages of alternate splendour and slavery, was also, at length, included in the extended dominion of Rome. Yet, though all Mediterranean Africa thus merged into a province of the Roman world, it was still an opulent and enlightened one, boasting equally with others its sages, its saints, its heads and fathers of the church, and exhibiting Alexandria and Carthage on a footing with the greatest cities of the empire.—*Cabinet Hist. of "Adventures, &c. in Africa."*

MENZIKOFF.—In his banishment he showed that he was something more than the mere child of the caprice of fortune. His wife, overcome with the sad reverse, did not live to reach the place of their exile. The government allotted to this proud man, who had for years lived in the possession of every possible magnificence and splendour, a pittance of about forty shillings *per diem* for his subsistence. Menzikoff, however, conformed himself to his circumstances, worked with his own hands, and founded a church with a portion of his income. His spirit was unsubdued; his serenity and self-respect seemingly unshaken; but the change was too great for his animal force. He died in about two years from the commencement of his exile.—*Godwin's "Cloudesley."*

FRENCH SOLDIERY.—The French soldier, to be correctly estimated, should be known in his private habits; the greater his ardour and impetuosity, previous to, or during an engagement, the more sociable and mild he becomes, when restored to his natural composure. Generally quartered upon the poor, where he can call to mind the picture of his own family, he lays down, when he enters the dwelling of his host, the haughty manners, the tone of authority; whatever, in short, is known by the name of *la furia Francese.* He pays every attention to the master and mistress of the house, caresses and plays with the children, voluntarily offers his services, and exerts them with no less good will and disinterestedness.—*Marshal Suchet's "Memoirs of the Spanish War."*

MAJESTIC ACTION OF MRS. SIDDONS.—I remember Mrs. Siddons had a majestic manner of extending her arm as she left the stage. "What grace!" said the world, with tears in its eyes, "what dignity! what a wonderful way of extending an arm! you see her whole soul is in the part!" The arm was in reality stretched impatiently out for a pinch from the snuff-box that was always in readiness behind the scenes.—*New Monthly Mag.*

The following is a copy of a notice sticking in the Ferry house of the Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn:

"Wanted a Colored Gentleman to ride out with a white man or his brother. The labor is extraordinary light. All that is required will be that he dress as near the present FASHION as the times will admit, and also that he be restricted to the consumption of four cigars per day.

A white hat, blue striped breeches, dark coat, light colored vest, imitation gold safety chain, silver watch, brass finger rings, mounted with jewels, *High* top or Jackson boots, double precontracted Bamboo travelling stick, and dark pumps with white gaiters, shall constitute his Livery. To one possessed of the above requirements a suitable salary will be allowed;—knowledge being no object in the eyes of the advertiser, as it makes but little difference whether he be schooled in science or not, except in the arrangement of dress and judgment of Horse-flesh. Apply at No 10 Dandy Alley between the hours of 2 and 3 P.M.

The Dark Side.—"Have you heard that Miss P. is soon to be married?"

"No, but I am glad to hear it: she has waited long enough."

"Mr. L. the great merchant has failed."

"Ah, indeed! I'll indeed be bound he has lost nothing by his failure. He knows his own interest too well."

"Have you read Mr. M.'s new work? the papers are praising it highly."

"No wonder, he sent a volume to all the editors and they can do nothing less than deal out a few puffs."

"Mrs. R is a fine looking woman; I think her complexion really beautiful."

"She owes all her beauty to her dress, I assure you; I saw her one day in dishabille, and she was yellow as an ogre."

The natural eye must look at objects just as they are presented, but the mental eye is under no such necessity—it possesses the wonderful faculty of turning things over and over to suit itself. How unwise then always to turn up the dark side.

Some people run into this folly in regard to things, others respecting events, and a more guilty class in regard to *character* and *action.* The last form of the evil is the worst, and is frequently made familiar by indulgence in others.

An individual first begins to scan the objects around him, marking and magnifying every little defect; if he pluck a rose, he hardly notices its beauty or fragrance, but is wondering roses should have so many thorns.

If he is regaled with delicious fruits, instead of praising their flavor, he wishes they were not so full of stones and seeds! Show him a fine building, and he looks at it on purpose to find something wrong, and of course succeeds.

But woe to the individual who has formed this evil habit of looking at earth's pleasant things through the smoky atmosphere of his own bad feelings! It will be sure to lead to similar views of every event past or future.

The choicest blessings of life may, by persons of querulous disposition, be converted into calamities. When he looks back, it is not to recall happy hours, or dwell on the mournful pleasures which joys departed should excite,—his retrospective glance dwells only on the dark passages, the weary path of his journey, and he lifts, with unholy hand, the veil of oblivion which time has drawn over the past.

Those who are in the habit of throwing other things in the shade, are very apt to entertain the same dark views of the characters and actions of their fellow men. They doubt the affections of their friends; question the motive of every good action; they weigh every person, and every person is found wanting.

Alas for the community, if infested by such dark spirits. There will be tales of scandal, and broken friendships, and ruined characters, and broken vows, and broken hearts.

The habit of looking on the gloomy side may not at first sight, appear very criminal, but when we follow it out, and see that it leads almost certainly to jealousy, hatred and detraction, we must confess it is an evil tree which brings forth such bitter fruits.

David Hume declared he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined always to look on the bright side, than with a gloomy mind to be master of an estate with ten thousand a year. And he was wise in his estimate. It would be better, because more conducive to happiness.

There are no melancholy children, and there need be no dark souled men or fretful women. We can be happy, or at least cheerful, if we choose. Keep the heart right, and the feelings will be kind, equable and joyous.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

The following anecdote is circulating about lady H. A. who is notoriously not very remarkable for delicacy of character. She had rudely discharged her coachman, who, before he left her, demanded an interview. She received him haughtily, supposing he was come to beg to be reinstated in his place; when he accosted her thus, "I shall take it, my lady, as a particular favor, if you *will never mention I lived with you*; for, if you do, I shall never gain another situation!"—*Eng. pap.*

THE CHOLERA.

In the midst of the ten thousand rumours relative to this disease, we think we shall do a service to our readers by laying before them the ascertained facts, from last Saturday's Atlas.

OFFICIAL REPORTS FROM QUEBEC.

Quebec 11th June, 1832.—"It devolves upon the Board of Health to perform the painful duty of announcing to the public the appearance of the Asiatic Cholera in this City and neighbourhood. This announcement is made after mature deliberation founded upon the unanimous opinion of the Commissioners of Health—the Medical Gentlemen belonging to the Board—and of a number of other most respectable Medical Practitioners. The Board pledges itself to use every precautionary means within its power to mitigate the calamity, and confidently relies upon the active co-operation of all classes in this object.

Annexed is a Bulletin of all the cases admitted into Hospital, hitherto reported to the Board, and hereafter a daily report of such will be issued, together with whatever authentic information on the subject can be collected. By order of the Board of Health.

T. A. YOUNG, &c.

Cases of Asiatic Cholera received into Hospital up to half past one o'clock, P. M. on the 11th June.

Date.	Rem'g.	New cases.	Deaths.	Rem'g.
8th June		3	2	1
9th "	1	13	6	8
10th "	8	19	11	7
11th June ½ past 1 o'clock P. M.	7	13	11	9

Quebec, 11th June, 1832. T. A. YOUNG, Secretary Board of Health."

Return of cases of Asiatic Cholera admitted into Hospital since half past one o'clock, P. M. on the 11th inst.

Remaining at last report, 9; admissions, 27; discharged cured, 0; deaths, 13; remaining, 23.

Quebec, 12th June, 1832.

Montreal, June 15th, 2 P. M.

"The Board of Health have been at great pains to ascertain the progress of the Cholera among emigrants and natives, or residents in the city and banlieu of Montreal, from the uncertain period of its commencement, but they regret to state, that they are still unable to give an exact report of the number of cases and their results.

As far as has been ascertained, the number of cases of Cholera, *spasmodic* or *severe*, as well as of milder attacks previously known in the country, amount to 1201

The number of deaths	230
Recovered or remaining	974?

A more full and special report was promised to be given the next day. Private letters from respectable sources, and of more recent dates, mention a continued aggravation of the malady. They also report the decease of several citizens of respectability. As, however, there is a great tendency to exaggeration in all such matters, we shall omit particulars until officially communicated. A Hospital report from the Quebec Board of Health of the 13th, for the 24 hours ending at half past 9 A. M., is as follows:—Remaining at last Report, 23; admitted since, 77; convalescent, 0; died, 40; remaining, 60. At half past 8 on the 14th the Report was—admitted, 48; discharged, cured, 8; dead, 41.

Later Official Reports on the Cholera from Quebec, are: 15th—admitted, 68; convalescent, 17; discharged, 2; dead, 37. 16th—admitted, 96; dead, 36. We have nothing else from Canada, and no reports of cases elsewhere.

The disease appears to have visited some of the intervening settlements on the St. Lawrence, and letters announce that some cases have occurred at Prescott, opposite Ogdensburgh in this state, and perhaps at other points. On this side of the Canadian frontier we have as yet no positive evidence of its existence, except at Plattsburgh. The Board of Health at this place on the 19th, reported thus:—"But one new case since Sunday, and that a Canadian of intemperate habits, taken this morning at 8 o'clock. Total number of cases, 7; dead, 4; new cases, 1; remaining, 2." One or two deaths at Mechanicville are commonly believed, after careful inquiry, to have been owing to the Cholera. There is no sufficient evidence that any others of the sudden deaths announced in various places are by this disease. Vigorous measures of precaution have been adopted in all the towns north of us, and the general health in them, as here, is remarkably good. Of the measures employed in this city to prevent or withstand the expected irruption, we have already spoken in general terms. The sum of $25,000 has also been placed at the disposal of the Board of Health, and Drs. Rhinelander and Dekay—the former a member of the Common Council, and the latter a gentleman who has seen the disease at Constantinople and in Smyrna—have been commissioned to proceed to Canada to investigate the malady, and if possible acquire information which may be of use among ourselves. Dr. Depyre, a French physician of this city, has associated himself with them in the enterprise.

It is a common and natural enquiry at this moment—will the Cholera certainly come to New York? This question we believe does not admit of a categorical and absolute reply. The probabilities on every hypothesis are that it will—yet with the knowledge we have of its history, and the apparent capriciousness of its movements in other lands, it cannot be denied that we *may* for a long period remain unvisited, and *possibly* even escape altogether. Take measures as if it might be kept from us.

Cleanliness and universal temperance are on all hands admitted to be the best preservatives from the Cholera; and we trust they will be, where they have not been, instantly resorted to by all, and *persevered* in when once commenced. In relation to the former, there is danger that, having once put ourselves, our premises, and our city, in a state of unusual neatness and good order—which we are happy to remark has been promptly done—if the infliction of unusual disease is spared or long delayed, we shall relapse into negligence and destroy all the benefits already attained. It should be borne in mind that, wherever a crowded population exists, and more especially in such a climate as marks our summer solstice and its succeeding months, there is a constant renewal of the sources of foul and unwholsome vapours, and that consequently a *continued* watchfulness and care are necessary to obviate their deleterious influence.

We think that besides the frequent washing and sweeping, and removal of dirt from our streets and premises, the gutters should universally be sprinkled with Chloride of Lime twice or thrice a week, and the like precaution be used in other places of impurity.

We believe all the wetting of our streets, &c. if done without an infusion of Chloride of Lime, or other disinfecting substances, to be prejudicial.

Convocations of the military are inevitably attended with fatigues, exposures, and other exciting causes of disease, not only among themselves but others, and deserve the most serious consideration at the present time. The celebration of the approaching 4th of July, in the customary mode, would be particularly well calculated to diffuse and increase the dreaded evil. It is to hoped that the proper authority will make timely provision in regard to these matters.

Few situations in life are more lamentable and deserving of commiseration and relief than that of the wretched emigrants on the northern frontier. We are happy to see that steps are taken to give them aid. A public meeting having this object in view was held last evening at the Merchants' Exchange. We have only space to say that the benevolence of its motives was evinced by a liberal contribution of funds.

Governor Throop presented his message to the Legislature, on Thursday. It is quite brief. The only two subjects noticed, are the adjustment of the representation of the State under the new act of Congress, and the approach of the Cholera, some legislative provision being thought necessary to meet the new circumstances in which we are likely to be placed. The concluding passages are in these words—"An infinitely wise and just God has seen fit to employ pestilence as one means of scourging the human race for their sins, and it seems to be an appropriate one for the sins of uncleanliness and intemperance; and where we can trace its existence and propagation under any circumstances to certain causes, it is our duty to employ suitable means to remove those causes, and to arrest its progress.

Having thus discharged our duty, we may repose with confidence upon a power, wisdom and mercy, beyond our control or comprehension, to bless our exertions and prayers, by removing from us in due time existing calamities, or by averting those which may threaten. E. T. THROOP.

Albany, June 21, 1832.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE CHOLERA.

From the American.

At a moment like the present, when the alarm of Cholera is sounding in all directions, it is a natural inquiry, what are the best means to be adopted by individuals for preventing an attack of it, should it come among us? In my opinion, the answer is simply this—be fearless, observe strict personal cleanliness, and exercise common sense in regulating your diet. The first part of this answer will be readily understood, but the last may require some further explanation. In the first place, it is unreasonable to suppose that any particular kind of diet is applicable to a community at large, for the plain reason that hardly two persons can be found who are affected in precisely the same manner by any given number of articles of food. Our stomachs are no more alike than the features of our faces. To be sure they may agree in certain leading characteristics, just as a nose, mouth, and eyes are common to all faces; but no further. Of course nothing could be more absurd than the advice lately given by many of the physicians of Paris, and even by the Board of Health, to a people accustomed to live almost entirely on bread and vegetables, to adopt a diet consisting principally of animal food. Now it is admitted by all medical men, that great changes cannot be made in the diet to which we have been long accustomed without producing very visible effects: for instance, if you suddenly confine a healthy person to animal food who has long subsisted on vegetables, you are sure to derange his stomach and bowels, and the same effect will be produced by opposite changes; yet such changes are often made with propriety for the cure of various diseases. But that is not the point in question. We wish to know what are the best rules of diet for those in health to prevent an attack of the Cholera. In two words eat those things which habit and experience teach you agree with you best. The great principle to be kept in view, is to maintain a quiet and healthy state of the stomach and bowels, for whatever disorders them in any respect will predispose to the disease. Therefore try no experiments upon your stomach, for in that way you will be very likely to produce the effect you are anxious to prevent. Are you in general more healthy without animal food? or are you in the habit of living on milk, bread, and vegetables? (as is the case with many, especially during the warm months,) my advice is to stick to your diet; nothing will more certainly derange your stomach than the free use of meat. Is your health good while you daily dine on meat? make no change. Have you long used wine with your food? continue it. Have you been accustomed to the use of a moderate quantity of spirits? think not of abandoning them during the prevalence of cholera; for pernicious as the practice undoubtedly is, that is not the proper moment for correcting it; your stomach will suffer for a time, for the want of its accustomed stimulus. Have you long used an immoderate quantity of spirits? your case is a bad one: if the disease attacks you, you die: if you give up your dram, it will, in my opinion, be almost certain to attack you, on account of the great debility and irritability of the stomach which must ensue. Of course I should say, go on; you are in danger, no doubt: but the danger will be increased by any change at such a time. As a general rule, I would advise all persons to abstain from certain articles which occasionally produce cholera morbus during healthy seasons: they are principally crude vegetables and unripe fruit: as cucumbers, new potatoes, melons, &c. Fresh pork and veal often have the same effect. Overloading the stomach will derange it at all times; of course, strict moderation in eating will be safest. Ice cream and ice water can never be taken without some risk in very hot weather, and should be especially avoided. But it may be asked, whether those who seldom take wine, malt liquors, or spirits, may not fortify the stomach by commencing a moderate use of them? I think not; for though a temporary vigor is imparted to the stomach, it suffers a proportionate prostration when the stimulus has subsided; so that you lose in one way what you gain in the other: besides, they evidently disagree with most of those who are not in the constant habit of drinking them. It appears to me that the foregoing considerations will be our safest guides, should the dreaded scourge visit us; and I will only add that strict personal cleanliness requires either frequent bathing, or a daily application of soap and water to the entire surface of the body. These conclusions are drawn from a careful examination of a considerable number of works on this frightful malady, which have lately issued from the European press, and I shall unhesitatingly trust to them the preservation of my own health. A PHYSICIAN.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.

The intensity of this pest in Paris, and its mildness here, or rather the far greater number of persons attacked in that capital than in this, deserves the consideration of those who have opportunities of investigating its causes. One fact is clear, that the disease is the same, and is not more virulent in its nature than the disease of London. The difference in result must therefore arise from facilities it meets with in Paris of germinating rapidly, that is to say, a more convenient medium through which to pass, or, from a superior aptitude or liability of the Parisians to receive its impressions. We have all been living either amidst the Cholera, or in the next layer of atmosphere that contained it. The virus either did not pass from one locality to another, or it passed and was turned from us like a weapon upon armour of too fine a temper to be penetrated. The causes affecting Paris may be connected both with easy transmission through the air and aptitude to receive its impressions. Paris has always been considered a *strong* city; it is impossible to walk its streets without being conscious that the air is loaded with impurities of various kinds. The state of its *cloaca* is wretched, and in matters essential to health and comfort, though imitators of the English, they are still very far behind us, though backwardness in these cases argues a very low state of civilization. With regard to bodily health, it is pretty certain that there is a difference between a Parisian and a Londoner; that the antiphlogistic treatment which would save the Englishman from any acute disorder, would assuredly kill the Frenchman. Thus, though we are liable to be carried off by acute complaints, they are more afflicted with chronical ones; the which implies a greater tenacity of fibre on our part, a more vigorous flow of blood, and a more copious supply of the nervous fluid. It is possible that the striking difference that has occurred in the two capitals may be accounted for by these circumstances. The following traits of Paris under the Cholera might have been taken from Defoe's History of the Plague: they are, however from a letter in the Times.

"I have traversed a good portion of the city: it is difficult to describe it now. The Boulevards—formerly the promenade of the idlers and of the fashionables—of the wealthy and of the swindlers—are now thinly sprinkled with a few melancholy persons, walking as it were in fear of the malady of which every one is talking. No carriages—no splendid liveries, even the diplomatic corps conceal themselves. The druggist's shops are in some places thronged by persons, each to ask for a remedy for a father, a mother, a wife, a husband, or a child, or a relation who is dying. In some houses there are several dead at the same moment; and one sees a coffin lying in the passage and covered with a white sheet, with a candle lighted at the head, waiting until the black cart approaches to carry the deceased to a place of burial. It is indeed a dreadful visitation which desolates a city and causes the ruin of families, and leaves many a forlorn orphan to weep in misery or to beg a pittance in the streets. *Lond. Mag.*

CHOLERA MORBUS.—*Council Office, Whitehall, May* 15.—It is not intended to publish any further reports of the Metropolitan Districts, in consequence of the Medical Inspectors employed under the orders of the Central Board of Health having declared the cessation of Cholera in London as an epidemic.

In the Country—New cases, 91; deaths, 33; recovered, 41; remaining, 173. W. MACLEAN, Sec.

At a meeting of the Board of Health in Cork, on Friday week, the following *affecting circumstance* was mentioned by Mr. Croker. A child, deaf and dumb, was taken to Nicholas's Hospital, ill of the cholera. It belonged to a man named Twomey, and was then four days gone in the blue stage of the disease. All that could be done by the skill of physicians, and the attention of nurse-tenders, was done for it; but to none of these would the father entrust it. Day and night did he sit by its bed, without ever for five minutes quitting it—watching every movement, and doing all in his power to ease its suffering. A little whey having been made for the child, he (Mr. Croker) was giving some directions about the curds, when one of the nurse-tenders remarked that poor Twomey's family would be glad to get them. Inquiry was made after them. They consisted of seven children, including the one in the hospital. They were in a state of absolute destitution, and for six and thirty hours poor Twomey himself had never tasted food! His child (said Mr. C., at the conclusion of his detail) is now restored to him, and will any gentleman here refuse me sixpence to make eight individuals happy? [In a few minutes that gentleman announced that he had received upwards of £2 by this appeal.]

State of Manchester.—The Cholera has not yet attacked those parts of England where its horrible exploits may be expected fully to equal its achievements in France. Manchester for instance, where every circumstance of squalor, debauchery, starvation, filth and impurity combine to prepare a monstrous feast for the devouring plague. An account of the state of the town has lately been published by Dr. Philips Kay. They who remember Erasmus's description of London at the time of the sweating sickness or plague in Henry VIII.'s reign, will be struck by some of the points of similarity between it and Dr. Kay's account of Manchester. The details are not of a nature to be quoted here. The striking picture, however, of a day of these manufacturing unfortunates ought to be pointed out to the attention of all persons who have the power and the will to operate changes in our domestic economy. Had a tithe of the attention that has been wasted on the West Indies and the South Seas been directed to Manchester, better fruits might have been expected.

There are said to be one thousand gin shops in Manchester. A gentleman curious in these matters watched the number of persons entering a gin-shop in that town in five minutes, during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods from seven o'clock until ten. The average result was 112 men and 163 women, or 275 in forty minutes, which is equal to 412 per hour. The population of Manchester and its environs amounts to about 230,000, and more than one half of its inhabitants are so destitute or so degraded, as to require *the assistance of public charity to bringing their offspring into the world.*—*Lond. pap.*

INTEMPERANCE.

A few days since, we received from the author, a copy of a handsomely executed duodecimo, of about 60 pages, entitled "*The Origin and Course of* INTEMPERANCE: *a Poem, in five Cantos*—By John Thomas." A pretty vignette embellishes the volume. The design of the author is to lend his aid to that great reformation which, if carried on, as it has been commenced, will make our age an epoch in the annals of human improvement and happiness, and confer an imperishable fame on those by whose instrumentality it has been effected. Mr. Thomas pursues this design by giving us a versified historical notice of some of the most glaring instances of inebriety and their ill-consequences, drawn from scriptural authority. His title page also names the *origin* of this vice as one of the subjects. Accordingly we find that—oh! Mr. Thomas! the ladies will never forgive you, we fear—the inventor of intoxicating liquors was no other than "Heaven's last best gift to man"—she, without whose presence, even Paradise was incomplete. The poet, however, must have the benefit of all that may avail him in arrest of judgment at the dread tribunal of the sex, when arraigned for breach of privilege. We therefore beg it to be observed, that the Mother of Mankind does not appear to have been suspicious of any bad consequences from the draught, but that her discovery was recommended to the notice of our Great Progenitor from the kindest motives; Eve, holding the language by which the cup has been commended to the lips of multitudes of her descendants—the fallacious saying "It will do you good."

> "So our first mother ushered in
> A second flood of pain and grief,
> Thus did the deadly serpent win
> Devoted crowds without relief."

But we do not intend a review exceeding the limits of its subject. We believe we have placed Mr. Thomas and the ladies, *quoad hoc*, on a fair arena, and now, leave them to adjust all matters of difference without interference. As to the literary execution of the work, since Mr. Thomas has been himself a critic, and as he

likens the instrument of assault used by that class, to the club of Hercules, we scarcely dare to point out some typographical errors that have crept into the poem, and do even this with much modesty. We will, however, take it upon us to say, that all who are competent to wield that formidable weapon, will act more wisely, and do better service to mankind, by joining Mr. Thomas in an attack on the many-headed monster of Intemperance, than by using it in almost any other employment, that we can devise.—*Atlas.*

THE MONTH OF MAY.

By L. E. L., written for the year 1832.

"The month of flowers," May,
Were they not wont to say
That, of the Year's twelve lovely daughters, thou
Didst wear most perfect sweetness on thy brow?

They said the crimson rose
Was eager to unclose
For thee the fragrant mysteries which lie
Hidden in leafless boughs beneath the winter sky.

The poets told thy birth
Was welcomed upon earth
By the sweet multitude of shining flowers,
By bursting buds, green leaves, and sunny hours.

And thou art come, sweet May;
A week beneath thy sway
The world has been; yet is it dull and cold:
Doth it not own thy reign, as in the days of old?

To-day all life is strange
With great and sudden change;
The power is passed away from many a shrine
And many a throne—must it, too, pass from thine?

Still o'er the darkened sky
The heavy clouds sail by,
Till the bleak shower comes down unpityingly,
Beating the few faint blossoms from the tree.

Where is the yellow ore
Which the laburnum bore,
As if transformed, the Theban princess there,
Amid the golden shower, loosed her more golden hair?

The lilac with its stars,
Small, shining like the spars
With which some sea-nymph decks her ocean bowers—
Lilac, that seems the jewellry of flowers?

Where is the gelder-rose,
Wreathed as from Alpine snows?
Where is the lime-tree's bud of faint perfume?
Where is the hawthorn wealth, thine own peculiar bloom?

They do not meet thee now!
Leave the barren bough;
The earth is melancholy as a grave—
I see the driving rain, I hear the bleak winds rave.

Is this the pilgrimage
Of Earth in her old age?
And is the shadow all things present wear
Cast on the circling beauty of the year?

Or is it but delay?
Are south winds on their way,
And songs and blossoms bringing May once more
The sunshine which rejoiced all hearts of yore?

Hope whispers of their birth—
Hope which upon our earth
Doth wander like an angel, at whose feet
Fresh flowers spring up to gladden and to greet.

How many now may see
Their likeness, May, in thee!
Mournful and spiritless, their spring is known
But by its measured time, and time alone;
They know there must be May within the year,
Else would they never dream that May was here.

A PHILADELPHIA LADY.

By Mrs. Trollope.

"Let me be permitted to describe the day of a Philadelphian lady of the first class, and the inference I would draw from it would be better understood.

It may be said that the most important feature in a woman's history is her maternity. It is so; but the object of the present observation is the social, and not the domestic influence of a woman.

This lady shall be the wife of a senator and a lawyer in the highest repute and practice. She has a very handsome house, with white marble steps and door-posts, and a delicate silver knocker and door-handle; she has very handsome drawing-rooms, very handsomely furnished; (there is a sideboard in one of them, but it is very handsome, and has very handsome decanters and cut glass water jugs upon it); she has a very handsome carriage, and a very handsome five black coachman; she is always very handsomely dressed; and, moreover, she is very handsome herself.

She rises, and her first hour is spent in the scrupulously nice arrangement of her dress; she descends to her parlour, neat, stiff, and silent; her breakfast is brought in by her free black footman; she eats her fried ham and her salt fish, and drinks her coffee in silence, while her husband reads one newspaper, and puts another under his elbow; and then, perhaps, she washes the cups and saucers. Her carriage is ordered at eleven; till that hour she is employed in the pastry-room, her snow-white apron protecting her mouse-coloured silk. Twenty minutes before her carriage should appear, she retires to her chamber, as she calls it, shakes, and folds up her still snow-white apron, smoothes her rich dress, and with nice care, sets on her elegant bonnet, and all the handsome *et cetera*; then walks down stairs just at the moment that her free black coachman announces to her free black footman that the carriage waits. She steps into it, and gives the word, 'Drive to the Dorcas Society.' Her footman stays at home to clean the knives, but her coachman can trust his horses while he opens the carriage door, and his lady not being accustomed to a hand or an arm, gets out very safely without, though one of her arms is occupied by a work-basket, and the other by a large roll of all those indescribable matters which ladies take take as offerings to the Dorcas Societies. She enters the parlour appropriated for the meeting, and finds seven other ladies, very like herself, and takes her place among them; she presents her contribution, which is accepted with a gentle circular smile, and her parings of broad cloth, her ends of ribbon, her gilt paper, and her minikin pins, are added to the parings of broad cloth, the ends of ribbon, and the minikin pins with which the table is already covered; she also produces from her basket three neatly-made pincushions, four ink wipers, seven paper matches, and a pasteboard watch-case: these are welcomed with acclamations, and the youngest lady present deposits them carefully on shelves, amid a prodigious quantity of similar articles. She then produces her thimble, and asks for work; it is presented to her, and the eight ladies all stitch together for some hours. Their talk is of priests and of missions; of the profits of their last sale, of their hopes from the next; of the doubt whether young Mr. This, or young Mr. That should receive the fruits of it to fit him out for Liberia; of the very ugly bonnet seen at church on Sabbath morning, of the very handsome preacher who performed Sabbath afternoon, and of the very large collection made on Sabbath evening. This lasts till three, when the carriage again appears, and the lady and her basket return home; she mounts to her chamber, carefully sets aside her bonnet and its appurtenances, puts on her scalloped black silk apron, walks into the kitchen to see that all is right, then into the parlour, where, having cast a careful glance over the table prepared for dinner, she sits down, work in hand, to await her spouse. He comes, shakes hands with her, spits, and dines. The conversation is not much, and ten minutes suffices for the dinner; fruit and toddy, the newspaper and the work-bag succeed. In the evening the gentleman being a savant, goes to the Wister Society, and afterwards plays a snug rubber at a neighbour's. The lady receives at tea a young missionary and three members of the Dorcas Society. And so ends ends her day."

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

"Two English gentlemen about sixty years ago, happened to have a dispute respecting the character of the Scottish peasantry; one party maintaining the superiority of the natives of Scotland, as compared with those of England, in point of intellect and information, while the other espoused the contrary opinion—contending that, amongst the lowest class of bumpkins in any country, the degree of knowledge must be nearly on a par. A wager was the result; and governed perhaps by a whim of visiting Scotland—a portion of the empire at that period very little known or thought of—more than by any other consideration, our two gentlemen, who it seems were men of considerable opulence, were not long in reaching Edinburgh; and thereafter, as a matter of course, found their way to Clirehugh's Tavern, in Writer's court, as the most respectable house of entertainment which at that time graced the Scottish metropolis, although in the present day, a house of such a bearing would be most decidedly and emphatically sneered at by any one having the slightest pretensions to *haut ton*. Our travellers, after having visited the few lions then worth seeing in the northern capital, bethought themselves of the main object of their trip; and no better means of coming to their point occurring, they resolved to impart the secret to their host, who withal appeared a shrewd, sensible fellow, and likely to aid them in the matter in hand.

Clirehugh instantly comprehended the affair; and after a pause, recollected, as it were accidentally, that *Coal John*, a Gilmorton carter, who served the house in the way of his calling, and whom he did not fail to describe as the most rustic clown extant within ten miles of the city, would be there with a cartful of his commodity, early in the course of the morrow. It was therefore settled, that, as the said John was just the kind of man the gentlemen were in quest of, he should by some means or other be introduced to them on his arrival. In the mean time, Clirehugh, who had begun to get a good deal interested in the result of the wager, as a matter involving a point of national honour, had come to the resolution not to trust its issue to the "real Simon Pure," but to one who should personate John, and who could be more relied on.

The individual pitched upon by Mr. Clirehugh was one admirably adapted to sustain the character—a true type of the genus *Driver*—a character at that time by no means uncommon in Edinburgh; a shabby subaltern of the law; one of those queer, reckless, drink-and drawn-care sort of fellows, whom a periodical acquaintance with toddy and oysters, when these could be got, and at least a diurnal acquaintance with the gill-stoup and small ale, in less propitious seasons—with the help, at all times, of a select junto of drouthy brother cronies—reconciled to the business of the day, without imparting much disquietude as to the cares of the morrow. Such was the individual who undertook the part of John the coalman; a wight of "shrewd parts and pregnant humour." At the appointed time, therefore, our hero betook himself to what might be styled the Rialto of the Carbonari; in other words, to that quarter of the city where the gentlemen of that profession were "wont most to congregate," namely, St. Mary's Wynd, the thoroughfare by which the great bulk of the coal for the consumption of the city, at that time, was accustomed to pass. There, by virtue of a suitable parole and countersign, given to the *bona fide* John, who was soon *spoke* on that highway, he easily furnished him with the appropriate costume and other adjuncts of the character, including of course, the cart with its contents.

Endued, therefore, in one of the most conspicuous *habits de corps* of the coal fraternity—consisting, *inter alia*, of blue-ribbed stockings, shoes with soles rather thicker than what the Cockneys call Vauxhall slices, studded, moreover, with nails which might have served for the decoration of the postern-gate of *Front de Bœuf's* castle, corduroy jacket and trowsers, with dubious-colored plush vest and other *et ceteras*, not omitting a *quant. suff.* of *soot* on his face—the self elected John wended his way up the High Street of Auld Reekie.

The shrill hilloa of Tom Pipes, when announcing to Tunley, the landlord, the august approach of the naval duumvirate, Trunnion and Hatchway, could not be more astounding than the intimation given to Mr. Clirehugh's establishment of the arrival of the coals—said intimation conveyed of course, in the choicest and most prolonged cadence of Gilmorton—a *patois*, by the way, it may safely be said, which is, of all other Doric dialects, the most offensive to an English ear; "Hollo, the coals!"

The inmates of the house were of course advertised beforehand; and the next question was, to drag John into the presence of the two English gentlemen. In suffering himself to be hauled along, he protested, with abundance of noise and vociferation, that it was impossible the gentlemen could have any thing to say to him: while the Englishmen themselves, on the other hand, were encouraging John to come up by all means, professing they only wished to have a little conversation with him. At last our hero made his appearance at the landing-place; and here was another demur. "Such grand gentlemen," with well-feigned awe and astonishment, he declared, "could never hae ony thing to say till the like o' him." At last, however, being urged and entreated by the gentlemen, on the one hand, and jogged on by Clirehugh at his elbow, on the other, John did venture into the "presence;" but first stooped down for a hold of the flap of the carpet, which he forthwith began, with much deliberation and humility, to roll before him. "The deuce take the fellow!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen to Clirehugh, on observing this proceeding, "although we wished you to procure us an interview with one of the clowns of your country, we did not intend you should introduce to us an absolute fool."—"Dear sir, I'm nae better than a fule, as ye may say: but, anent the caurpet, wad ye hae me come into so grand a chaumer without either rowin' up the claith, or casting aff my shoon?"—"Well, well, John, we won't quarrel with you on that matter: only just sit down now, and take a glass of something." This proposal we may suppose, was to the point, whether addressed to John *in propria persona* or *quoad* his fictitious character. At last, after some general and desultory conversation, in all of which our hero acquitted himself *a merveille*, and when John was supposed to be, by the aid of an elevating glass, considerably more at his ease, the question was propounded which was to decide the bet; and after an introduction as to what they had heard of the superior education of John's countrymen, it came out in this shape—"Pray, John, can you tell us who was Adam's father?"—"Adam's father?" said John, "eh, ay; let's see;" then recollecting the chatechetical table he had learned at school, after a short pause—"Ou, ay: Noah was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methuselah, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaleel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of *God*."—"Well done!" exclaimed the Englishman: "John, you are a clever fellow, and have gained the bet," which was perfectly acquiesced in by the other party; neither of whom, by the bye, had any idea of the logical ratiocination which John had brought to bear on the question.

This matter being settled, after the glass had been pushed round pretty swiftly, and our hero had treated the strangers with a great many jokes and shrewd remarks, which raised him still higher in their estimation, he said, "Weel, gentlemen, I dinna ken weel what to say to you for yer extraordinar kindness, or how to thank ye: and I maun now be steppin. But as I hae gotten a gowd guinea frae ye, for answering the bit question ye speired, wad ye no tak it amiss, if I was to speir ane at you, which will be no mickle langer than yer ain; and, as I maun say, ye hae been sae very frank, and hae na taen amiss my want o' havins, if ye like I'll pit down my guinea again, for a wad against your's"—"Oh, most certainly, John; most certainly; and we shall be very glad to answer your question, in place of taking it amiss."—"Then," says John, "can you tell me wha *my father* was?"—"Confound the fellow!" exclaimed both the Englishmen; and it is almost needless to add, that John was permitted to withdraw himself as quickly as he chose, with his three guineas, without being troubled, for that time, with any more questions.

CANVASS-BACK DUCKS.—The forests and waters of the United States afford a great variety of game, some kinds of which are entitled to high praise, but the true glory of America is bestowed by the canvass-back duck. These exquisite birds are found only in the Chesapeak-bay, and the neighbouring waters. In regard to their natural history, ornithologists differ, some asserting that the canvass-back is a distinct variety of the duck, others that it is indebted for its delicious peculiarities solely to the nature of the food in which the Chesapeak abounds. *Non nostrum est, tantas componere lites.* We never saw the bird until divested of its plumage, and subjected to a rotary motion of fifteen minutes before the kitchen fire. But in that state we feel we should be guilty of gross injustice, were we to compare its merits as an esculent with those of any other of the feathered tribe, which wing the upper or nether atmosphere, or float upon the surface of the deep. No. The canvass-back stands alone in proud and unapproached pre eminence. It is

"Like to a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

And never, surely, did created substance float so melting in the mouth, or leave an impression on the palate so luxurious and imperishable. The occasion when he first received this new and exquisite sense of the beneficence of nature, forms an era in the life of every American traveller. The place, the day, the hour, nay the very minute, remain imprinted on his memory. It will form a lasting point for reference and comparison. It will mingle unbidden with all his sympathies and affections. It will enlarge and elevate his views of the dignity of his own nature, and he will cherish the proud conviction, that the man who has feasted on canvass-back ducks cannot, philosophically, be said to have lived in vain. Entertaining these opinions, it has always appeared to us somewhat extraordinary, that the Americans should prefer resting their national claims to the envy and admiration of the world on science, literature, and accomplishment, which, to say truth, afford but slender footing for their pretensions, instead of arrogating the higher and more incontestable praise, that the country of their nativity is likewise the country of canvass-back ducks.—*Blackwood's Magazine.* [!!!]

PROPER CONSIDERATION.—One beautiful morning in the early part of the summer, while proceeding on foot from Falkirk to Stirling, the writer chanced, at a turn of the road, to come upon a man busily engaged in forcing a pair of bagpipes into the mouth of a sack. Conceiving the circumstance very odd, I stopped to inquire the cause of his thus wishing to conceal from view the instrument of his calling. The man raised his head, and with that sly sarcastic tone, peculiar to the Scotch peasantry, when questioned on subjects which can only be of importance to themselves, thus replied to my query: "Since you're at the trouble o' speerin', *nae doubt* it's but right that you should ken. The pipes diuna belong to me, but a neibor o' mine, wha got himsel fu' at Doun fair, and left them in the house whar he had been playing. Now, I'm just taking them hame to him, and I was thinking to mysel, as I ken naething about music, if I were to carry them openly I wad only be exposing mysel, for the folks that didna ken me wad be asking me to play, and they wad tak' it amiss if I didna play; while the folks that ken wad be thinking I was wishing to get the credit of being able to do what I ken naething about; sae I think the safest way is just to put the pipes in the pock." I thanked the good man for thus satisfying my curiosity and passed on. I have frequently since, in the course of my peregrinations through life, had occasion to remark, that, if conduct similar to that of my friend with the pipes were in more general practice, we should have fewer men exposing themselves or imposing upon others.—*The Day (Glasgow.)*

QUALIFICATION FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—A shabby dressed young man, whose lean appearance betokened a long estrangement from the "kail pot," appeared at the Mansion-house, London, last week, to swear to the loss of a duplicate for a case of surgeon's instruments. The officer, suspecting from his look and appearance that the articles had probably been stolen, directed the attention of Mr. Hobler to the circumstance. "How came you by those instruments?" inquired Mr. Hobler. "I bocht them," said the applicant, in a strong Scotch accent. Mr. Hobler—"For what purpose?" Applicant—"I'm engaged to gang out as 'medical attendant' to a vessel that's ganging till Canada." "Why," said Mr. Hobler, evidently surprised, "are you properly qualified?" Applicant—"I canna say just precise; but I've been twa years as *porter* in a poticary's shop in Edinbro'." Mr. Hobler—"A very competent qualification!" The affidavit having been sworn, the 'medical gentleman' withdrew.—*Liverp. pap.*

TIME, IN LAW.—"A lady of large property was engaged to be married on the very day she came of age." A doubt arose as to the precise day. "It appeared that she was born after the house clock struck, and while the parish clock was striking, and before St. Paul's had begun to strike twelve, on the night of the 4th January, 1805." The question was, whether the young lady was born on the 4th of January, or 5th of January. The opinion runs thus—"This is a case of great importance and some novelty." "The testimony of the house clock is, I think, applicable only to domestic, mere culinary purposes. It is the guide of the cook with reference to the dinner hour; but it cannot be received as evidence of the birth of a child. The clock at the next house goes slower or faster, and a child born at the next houst the same moment may, according to the clock at the next house, be born on a different day." "The parochial clock is much better

evidence, and I think it ought to be received if there were to be no better; but it is not to be put in competion with the metropolitan clock; where that is present, it is to be received with implicit acquiescence. It speaks in a tone of authority, and is, unquestionably, testimony of great weight. I am, therefore, of opinion, that Miss Emma G. was born on the 4th of January, 1805, and that she will attain her majority the instant St. Paul's clock strikes twelve on the night of the third of January, 1826."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1832.

MERCANTILE DRUMMING.

SCENE III.

Perhaps the most ludicrous scene of mercantile drumming is that wherein one wholesale merchant attempts to drum another, as it sometimes happens through mistake: for so eager are certain of the drumming class, that, whenever they meet with a stranger, they do not wait to ascertain whether he is a country merchant or not; but, taking it for granted that he is such, forthwith endeavor to gobble him up, before he is appropriated by any of their fellow drummers. A scene of this kind took place a few days since. Ichabod Inkum, who is one of the most inveterate drummers in all Bustle-street, meeting with a stranger who had lately come to board at the same hotel, fell upon him in this wise:—

Ink. Very hot weather to-day, Mr. Johnson.

John. Why, that seems to be the common opinion.

Ink. Ahem! have you purchased your crockery ware yet?

John. Crockery ware?

Ink. Yes; you'll want that article of course in making up your assortment.

John. [*Aside.*] The fellow takes me for a country merchant. Good! I'll smoke him.—Ahem! sir, how do you sell earthen boots?

Ink. Earthen boots! I never heard of such a thing.

John. Never heard of them? Why, what sort of a crockery ware dealer are you, that never heard of earthen boots? They are all the fashion now in England.

Ink. Are they indeed? Well, I didn't know that before. However, if that's the case, I'll import some by the earliest opportunity; for I make it a point to keep a perfect assortment of every thing in my line of business. But any thing else that you can name, I believe I can accommodate you with this instant.

John. Have you any China-ware bedsteads.

Ink. China what?

John. Bedsteads.

Ink. You must be joking now, Mr. Johnson. I never heard of the article before in my life.

John. No!

Ink. Never did.

John. You probably then never read Capt. Longtong's Travels in Tartary, where they sleep altogether on China-ware bedsteads?

Ink. I can't say I have. My time is so much taken up with my business, that I havn't a single minute to read, except a review of the market, a bank note table, or some such matter. But any thing else in my line of business that I can furnish you with—

John. Let me see—what else do I want?

Ink. Any dining, or tea sets? I have some very beautiful and very cheap.

John. I have no occasion for any of them now. But I was trying to think of something which I had seen or heard of somewhere. Let me see—Ah, I have it now. Have you got any queen's-ware table-cloths?

Ink. I'm sure you're quizzing now, Mr. Johnson!

John. Quizzing! Heaven forefend! No, sir, I'm a sober business man, myself; and if you have any of the articles I have named, I shall be ready to trade with you.

Ink. Is there nothing else that you want?

John. Nothing, sir.

Ink. Perhaps you'll think of something before you leave the city—and if you should, give us a call. By the by, when do you go out?

John. I shan't go out at all.

Ink. [*Staring with surprise.*] Not go out!

John. No, sir; I do business in the dry-goods line, at 310 Bustle-street.

Ink. The devil you do! and I thought I was talking all this time to a country merchant.

John. That's a misfortune you drummers fall into. You're so eager to monopolize all the business, that you don't wait to ascertain whether a man is a country merchant or not, before you commence beating your tattoo.

Ink. I beg your pardon, sir—I—

John. Not at all, sir; so far as regards myself, you are a very amusing fellow—and if you will only keep an assortment of earthen boots, China-ware bedsteads, and—

Ink. Curse the bedsteads! I wont be quizzed any longer. [*Exit, somewhat angry, and mightily chopfallen.*]

CHOLERA NOSTRUMS.

The papers are crowded with *infallibles* for the cholera, either as preventives, or as cures. One paper recommends one thing; another, another; and a third, something different from either. Indeed the same paper will sometimes contain twenty remedies, all differing from one another. The honest reader, not knowing which to choose, will think it a matter of prudence to be provided with the whole; and will take them all together, or in succession, and in such quantities as will kill the most healthy person in the world.

It is now the harvest of apothecaries. Every body is running to them for cholera medicines. Camphor is especially in immense demand—the price having risen immediately some hundred per cent. Opium, ether, and ammonia, too, are in great request; and a man does not consider himself safe for one moment, unless he has a pistol charged with laudanum in his pocket.

But if these things were necessary and proper, the patient is not qualified to judge when, nor in what quantities, he should take them. Under a state of alarm, he fancies every disease with which he may be assailed, is the cholera; and, more than all this, he fancies himself to be assailed with disease, when in fact he is perfectly well. In either of these cases, out he whips his vial of laudanum, and begins to drink, and, ten to one, he falls a victim to the medicine, which he swallows to prevent or cure the cholera.

Sundry instances might be given of the rash and unnecessary use of these cholera nostrums. We will mention but two or three.

A gentleman, who had eaten a pound of roast beef and two lobsters for his dinner, in a short time thereafter felt a sickness and oppression at the stomach; and, taking it for granted he had the real Asiatic cholera, he pulled out his vial of laudanum, and without waiting to ascertain the dose by drops, put it to his mouth, and at once took a tolerably hearty swig—enough at least, under ordinary circumstances, to have given him his everlasting quietus. Fortunately, however, the medicine increased the nausea occasioned by the beef and lobsters, and the whole were presently cast up together. A doctor, being immediately sent for, found the man in a most uncomfortable state of vomition.

"Oh, doctor," said he, as well as he could speak between the fits of retching, "do help me if you can, do."

"What is the matter?"

"Matter! Oh, Lord, matter enough I should think: don't you see I've got the cholera?"

"No, I don't perceive it. You seem to be vomiting, to be sure; but I don't see any particular signs of the cholera."

"Not see it!—Oughorruck! oughorruck!—Oh, Lord, it's a gone case with me, I'm afraid."

"Don't be alarmed—you're in a fair way to be better soon."

"Better!—I never was so sick in all my life before. Don't you see how I've vomited?"

"I see it plainly. You ate a very hearty dinner."

"Hearty, do you say! I only eat three or four slices of roast beef and a couple of moderate-sized lobsters, with a few peas, turnips, asparagus, and such other things as are necessary to make up a meal. And do you call that a hearty din—oughorruck! oughorruck!—Oh, Lord-a-mercy! Do give me something, doctor, do, I beg of you."

The physician ordered some diluents; and advising his patient not to eat above one slice of roast beef and half a lobster, on the morrow, left him.

Another case was that of a man, who happened to be present in a house where a child had recently died of worms. Taking it for granted the deceased had come to its death by the cholera, he was forthwith seized, or fancied himself seized, with alarming spasms. He fell into most violent contortions, both of body and limb; roared out with pain; and, as soon as he could gain sufficient command of his hands, pulling out a bottle of laudanum from his pocket, at once swallowed the contents. The people of the house had presence of mind enough to send immediately for a physician, who, on learning the nature and quantity of the remedy swallowed, lost no time in using the stomach pump; and so saved his patient from a *cure*, which would not only have proved effectual for the cholera, but all other diseases.

Another gentleman fancied that the shooting of his corns was the effect of cholera, and that the spasms were beginning in his toes, from whence they would presently ascend to his vitals. He also had been provided with a vial of anti-choleric medicine. But unfortunately he had left it in his other breeches pocket; and being from home, he considered himself a gone man, and was endeavoring to arrange the particulars of his will—when some acquaintance of his happened to suggest, to his great relief, that possibly the attack was nothing more than the shooting of his corns.

Another man, who had his pocket stuffed with vials of anti-cholera infallibles, chanced, as he was crossing a street, to strike his toe against a curb-stone. He immediately cried out that he was seized with the cholera; and thrusting his hand into his pocket, found all his vials smashed in pieces, and the contents lost. A crowd at first gathered round him; but as soon as he declared himself to have the cholera, they all scattered to the four winds, and left him to go, with what haste he could, to the next apothecary, to recruit his stock of infallible remedies.

A GALLOWS SUBSTITUTE.—We find the annexed lines in Hudibras, accompanied by the following note: "The history of the cobbler had been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done." Notwithstanding this voucher, however, we can hardly believe that our pious forefathers would so far pursue the doctrine of expediency, as to substitute one man's neck for another; and we take the passage to be a downright libel upon the early settlers of New England. It wickedly runneth thus:—

"Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need:
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In time of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weighed,
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do
The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver, that was bed-rid."

RETRACTION.—Albeit we record now and then a joke, we are not very conversant with the work of Mr. Joseph Miller: and therefore cannot say positively but the following, or something very much resembling it, may already have been related by him. It was, however, told us of a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts, now no more. He had been engaged in a certain cause, at Lenox, wherein he believed the jury had done injustice to his client. Declaiming against their verdict, he said, "The whole of them might be bribed for a peck of beans!"

"What is that!" said the Judge. "You dishonor yourself and the Court, as well as the jury, by such an impeachment."

"I meant no disrespect to the Court, your Honor; and as for myself—"

"You will see the propriety, I hope, of retracting the words?"

"With all due deference to your Honor, I cannot see the propriety of unsaying what is true."

"Do you intend to aggravate the offence by repeating it? Let me tell you, sir, this is not to be suffered; and unless you retract forthwith, we shall deem it necessary to strike you from the rolls of the Court."

"Well, since the Court insists upon it, I suppose I can do no less than retract."

"And in very ample terms too."

"Certainly, your Honor; and, on second thoughts, I do it with great pleasure. I am convinced now, that I wronged the jury in saying they could be bribed for a *peck* of beans; and thus, openly and publicly, I retract the assertion. I hope the Court and jury are satisfied?"

They expressed themselves in the affirmative, when the lawyer rejoined—"But, may it please the Court and jury, had I said *half a bushel*, instead of a *peck*, I would have been hanged sooner than have retracted."

TEA.—A fountain of scandal, from which certain busy coteries are exceedingly apt to draw their inspiration. It is of various kinds, as, Bohea, Souchong, Hyson, Imperial, Gunpowder, and the like. Each kind is supposed to afford its particular degree of inspiration, according to its price, quality, strength, and so forth. Of all kinds, therefore, Bohea, being the cheapest, is the least scandalous. It is little esteemed now-a-days; though of great account in the estimation of our grandmothers. Next to this is Souchong. This, though denominated *black*, is but moderately scandalous, and is seldom drank by fashionable people. Next to this comes the Hyson. This is considerably more efficient; and has been known to produce some very decided pieces of scandal. It is much in common use; but is inferior, both in price and in its inspiring qualities, to the Imperial. This latter is the great inspirer of fashionable parties. This causes a most elegant and delightful flow of scandal; but, after all, it yields in efficacy to the Gunpowder. This last is reserved for extraordinary occasions, when characters are to be blown sky-high; and it really does wonderful execution.

"A VERY NICE GENTLEMAN."—Though every body should read Robinson Crusoe, yet, as probably every body has not read him, we extract for their information, as well as amusement, the following description of the manners of a Bear, a specimen of which he seems to have met, once on a time, in crossing the Pyrenees:—

"If you meet him in the woods, if you don't meddle with him, he won't meddle with you; yet then you must take care to be very civil to him, and give him the road; for he is a very nice gentleman, he won't go a step out of the way for a prince; nay, if you are really afraid, your best way is to look another way, and keep going on; for sometimes if you stop, and stand still, and look steadfastly at him, he takes it for an affront; and if you throw or toss any thing at him, and it hits him, though it were but a bit of a stick as big as your finger, he takes it for an affront, and sets all other business aside to pursue revenge; for he will have satisfaction in point of honor, and this is his first quality; the next is, that if he be once affronted, he will never leave you, night nor day, till he has his revenge, but follow at a good round rate till he overtakes you."

THE QUAKER AND THE BROKER.—An honest gentleman, of the drab coat and broad beaver, went, a day or two since, into a broker's office in Wall-street, to get a bank note changed.

The dealer in money, glancing his eye over the note, exclaimed—"This is counterfeit, sir."

"Verily," replied the Quaker, "I am of thy opinion, for I took it of *thee*, yesterday."

It was changed without more words.

AN OBSERVING COBBLER.—A man, who keeps cool in an argument, certainly has the advantage over his antagonist who suffers himself to fall into a passion; and there is no doubt considerable force in the following reasoning of the cobbler of Leyden: "He used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, and was once asked if he understood Latin. 'No,' replied the mechanic; 'but I know who is wrong in the argument.' 'How?' replied his friend. 'Why, by seeing who is angry first.'"

PAIN OF JEALOUSY.—The hero of the novel, called Thinks-I-to-Myself, says:—"I have often heard this, and that, and 'tother *pain* mentioned as the *worst* that mortals can endure; such as the *tooth-ache*, *ear-ache*, *head-ache*, *cramp in the calf of the leg*, a *bite*, or a *blister*: now I protest, though I have tried all these, nothing seems to me at all to come up to a *pretty sharp fit of* JEALOUSY."

ENTERPRISING.—Mrs. Trollope, speaking of the spirit of enterprize which actuates the Americans, says:—"Could they once be persuaded that any point of the ocean had a hoard of dollars beneath it, I have no doubt that in about eighteen months we should see a snug covered rail-road leading direct to the spot."

COMPULSIVE HONESTY.—A man, who is no honester than the law compels him to be, may come to be hung, in due season: for that dangerous principle, which urges him to the very bounds of villany, will probably, sooner or later, push him over.

THE NARRAGANSET CHIEF; *or, the Adventures of a Wanderer.* Written by himself. 12mo. pp. 195. New York: J. K. Porter.

This is the title of a neat volume just published purporting to be from the manuscript of the "Wanderer" himself, who, in his autobiography, represents himself as being of mixed race, half white and half Indian. He passes through sundry adventures both by sea and land; and engages in gambling, passing counterfeit money, slave-trade, piracy, and so forth. In conclusion, he gives his advice to youth:—"Shun the first appearance of evil. Be always open, sincere, and candid. Dissimulation is the road to ruin, and death is not more horrible than deceit. Think not that cunning deserves credit, and that he who possesses sufficient skill to impose upon the ignorant and inexperienced, is an object of respect. No, spurn the

idea while it lingers even upon the threshold of your hearts. A very ordinary mind may acquire sufficient tact to disguise the truth, and misguide the unwary. Noble and great minds cannot stoop to practice artifice; and the name of a sincere and honest man is more precious even to villains than the reputation of an arch and successful impostor."

CHOLERA. *Two Clinical Lectures upon the Nature, Treatment, and Symptoms of Spasmodic Cholera*, by J.F. V. Broussais. Delivered during the prevalence of the disease in Paris. 8vo. pp. 30. New York: William Stodart.

We would recommend the above pamphlet to the attentive perusal of the medical faculty. It contains the best history we have seen of the mode of attack, symptoms, prognostics, morbid appearances after death, and so forth, of the Spasmodic Cholera. It also contains a description of the different modes of cure, as practised by physicians in the eastern continent—together with that practised at the hospital of the Val de Grace, to which M. Broussais was physician. This mode seems to have been exceedingly successful, for the lecturer declares that not above "one patient out of thirty or forty" was lost by it. "In fine," says he, "the cholera morbus is one of those diseases which best proves the power of medicine."

The country papers are coming in daily with the alarm of the cholera on their countenances, originally caught from the city papers, and now reflected back upon us. The disease is said to be fast subsiding in Montreal and Quebec.

MINA, who was executed at Doylestown, on Thursday of last week, maintained no little consistency of character, for he continued telling lies till the last. A few days previous to his execution, he so wrought upon the deputy attorney general, that he began to doubt whether he was really guilty, and addressed a letter to the Governor for a reprieve. But, before the mail closed, having ascertained that one of Mina's statements was absolutely false, he placed no confidence in the rest, and withdrew his application to the Governor.

MISCELLANY.

MAD TOM'S SONG.

BY H. G. BELL.

The great round moon!—tu-whit! tu-whoo!
I ride on its rim when I've nothing to do—
I ride on its rim and I sail away,
And I dash off the stars from its sides like spray.

Were you ever at sea when the waves run high,
And the ships of a nation went tumbling by—
Did you hear the cries of the seamen bold,
Did you hear the squeaking of rats in the hold?

But what is a voyage along the sea,
To lifting through all the sky with me,
Over the clouds and the rainbow's rim,
Over the tops of the seraphim.

The great round moon! tu-whit! tu-whoo!
When there's frost in the air, her nose looks blue;
Her nose looks blue and her cheeks look red,
And her eyes come starting half out of her head.

Yet better loves she the frosty night,
When icicles round her are clanking bright,
And jingling like bells as she journeys on,
Than a sky made warm by the summer sun.

Better loves she the snow and the hail,
Veiling the earth with their gossamer veil,
Than the flaunting flowers of the rosy spring,
That lift up their heads to the sun—their king.

Away! away! before the wind!
The long-tailed comet is far behind;
And the track that is left by our silver car
Is bright as the train of a shooting star.

The great round moon! tu-whit! tu-whoo!
I ride on her rim when I've nothing to do;
I ride on her rim, and I laugh as I go,
At all that is puzzling the earth below.

Men flatter a lordling who comes into place,
Just as I see a planet extinguished in space;
Men weep o'er a score who have perished in fight,
Just as I see a new world emerging to light.

If they rode on the moon through the boundless blue,
They would join my chorus—tu-whit! tu-whoo!
They would alter their notions of virtue and sin,
And weigh 'gainst the world the head of a pin!

Reading made easy.—Ramhoun Roy has been very attentive to the progress of the Reform Bill in the Upper House: he has expressed his astonishment, that men so well educated as our Peers are supposed to be, should, after reading a thing once, find so much difficulty in reading it a *second time*.

AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

A man had his nose pulled the other day; he was offered an apology: he alleged he was too poor to receive that species of satisfaction. When a poor man is injured in the nose, he looks for a physical satisfaction that shall be equivalent to the physical pain; a sting in the ear, nose, or other prominent and available organ, is exchangeable with a pot of porter or a crown piece; but how different are the feelings of a gentleman, or thoroughly civilized person, when his nose has been wrung, or his person otherwise violated! the pain is not in the part affected, the agony is not felt where the fingers or the toes are applied, it instantly removes to the sensorium of honour, the imagination; though the feature (fundamental or proboscal,) may be tingling, and the eyes absolutely overflowing with the evidence of bodily suffering, still the mischief is referred to quite another part of the constitution. Hence the difficulty of settling these matters. With the poor man his appendages have all a kind of *ad valorem* duty—a tariff of insult and offence; but the gentleman is a perfect Draco; he must not only have more, but it must be of a different kind; the wound has been inflicted on the flesh, but he feels it in the soul, and must expiate it in blood.

It is impossible not to see that this is the very perfection of reason and good sense; nevertheless we like the easy way in which poor people settle these things.

Mansion House.—"Ebenezer Coker, a Billingsgate porter, was called upon to show cause why he should not be punished according to law for having amused himself by pulling the nose of John Dixon, without the owner's leave.

"John Dixon deposed that he knowed nothink on the defendant, and the defendant knowed nothink on him, no furder than being tosticated he squeezed his nose with sitch wengeance that he was obligated to call a hofficer.

"'Why,' said his Lordship, addressing Coker, 'you promised me faithfully, the last time you were here, you would not get drunk again.'

"'Me drunk,' said Coker, 'vy I aint been able to yarn wittles, leave alone drink; and as for being drunk yesterday, vy all I had was a pot o' porter at my first turn, with some gin, and afterwards a little more gin with a pint of coffee for breakfast. As for the assault as is charged on me, this here good man desarved vot he got. I vent into a public house to sell my srimps, vitch are precious dear now, and while my back was turned I seed him put his hand into my basket in a unbecoming sort o' vay. Sis I, I don't call this hacting like a gentleman to go for to prig a poor man's srimps, and he told me to give him none o' my sarse, for he warnt a going to be scandalized in no sitch vay. Howsomever, as I knowed he'd been guilty of the crime, ve got into a hargument, ven I might just have touched him on the nose.'

"'Well,' said the Lord Mayor to the complainant, 'I suppose you will be satisfied with an apology?'

"Complainant (scratching his head)—'I can't afford to take a pology, as I'm only a poor man, unless he stands a bit o' summut to eat and a drop o' summut to drink, and a little summut for myself.'

"The defendant having consented to give the complainant sixpence, the Lord Mayor allowed them to settle the other "summuts" by dismissing the complaint."

If this affair had happened between persons of a higher rank of life, how different would have been the story! Friends must have been called in—cabs and hackney coaches would have been put in requisition—bachelors would have sate up at each other's lodgings, and an attorney or two would have had a job. Then, in case of an apology, what stickling for a word, or a degree of comparison! how much paper wasted in rough drafts! what a struggle between saving of bacon and saving of honour! and, lastly, how big the affair would have looked next day in the columns of the Courier, and how the the pros and cons would have been canvassed at the clubs! what sneers would have slurred over the flincher, and how many eulogies would have been spent upon the most obstinate or the most bloodthirsty of the party! On the other hand, imagine it an affair which there appeared to be no means of "settling without a meeting;" then comes Battersea, and a fumbling among the wet grass, blue countenances, and a most forlorn night-cappish style of chivalry—ground measured three times over to conceal bungling, and at last, a pop or two, and no mischief. For the first time in the day the gentlemen are themselves again, shake hands, mount their vehicles, and return to breakfast as buoyant as their rolls, with the idea of having behaved with honour in an "affair of extreme difficulty and delicacy." Then comes the Courier again, with another turn to the business, and the Sunday papers, with half the alphabet in initials, and ultimately a correspondence between the seconds, correcting some error in the reports; for instance, the gentlemen did not fight at six, but sixteen paces, and so far from the business terminating in an unsatisfactory manner, "they return to town in the same barouche." We may be wrong, but still we cannot help thinking that the "summut to eat" and the "summut to drink" of the poor man, with the Lord Mayor for witness, is perhaps as good a mode of settling the matter.

The sense of honour is a luxury of civilization; moralists would endeavor to give it, as economists desire to communicate a taste beyond potatoes: a dash of bacon in a dish of vegetables is considered by politicians a step farther from savagery. Just so the niceness of the honourable feelings indicate the class of social life in which a man is bred; a man may be too poor to keep a conscience—too low to keep a sense of honour; generally speaking, however, penury and conscience, and honour, are inconsistent terms; and incompatible qualities.—*New M. Mag.*

The effect of fear in rendering the system susceptible of disease.—There are four classes of persons who enjoy remarkable immunity from infectious diseases; and three certainly of these classes are composed of the very persons who would be thought most liable to suffer from such epidemics. We mean physicians, nurses, children, and that class of excellent kind hearted females who delight, and to their honor be it told, in going about among the sick; watching with them, and performing with them numerous friendly offices that alleviate their pains and spare them many an hour of gloomy solitude.

The physician is constantly passing from the open air to the sick chamber, and from the latter again into the former; he is fatigued by his labors, and naturally perhaps, of a slender constitution; yet he escapes, whilst the friend or relative, strong, robust, and living at ease in a healthy situation, makes but a single short visit to the patient, and imbibes his disease. The nurse under circumstances in one respect the reverse of those above related, lives on, day after day, and night after night, in the atmosphere of disease and yet enjoys a similar immunity. The benevolent watcher, familiar with scenes of distress, and interested in relieving it, seldom suffers in consequence of her anxious toil; and the infant hangs on the breast of its mother whilst she is suffering from the plague, without catching her malady. The causes of this immunity are unquestionably various. The system, in some of the cases above stated, becomes gradually accustomed to a diseased atmosphere and less susceptible of its peculiar stimulus.

But when we view the whole ground, and reflect on the peculiarities of all the classes that are usually slow to receive infection, and contrast them with those of the persons most frequently and easily affected by it, we are drawn irresistibly to the conclusion that fear, apprehension, more than any other single agent, brings the system into a condition suitable to the reception of morbid influence; and that the absence of fear, more than natural strength of constitution, or vigor of health, renders it insensible to such influence. Infants, from the limited extent of their reasoning powers and their observation, are protected entirely from any of the peculiar effects of the fear of disease; and the other persons mentioned by their familiarity with sickness and its usual paraphanalia, and by the active part they are called to take in the care of the diseased, seldom if ever think of any personal hazard. The occasional visiter on the other hand, unaccustomed to the solemnity, the scenes, and the circumstances of a sick chamber, is awed, embarrassed, agitated, perhaps by the impressive manner, look, movement and conversation of all present; he sympathizes deeply with his friend, imagines himself in the same condition, fears he has already imbibed the seeds of his disease, and takes his departure only to have those fears realized.

Every physician knows that in times of epidemics, those persons who ask with most earnestness and anxiety of what means of prevention they can adopt, are uniformly the first to require the means of cure. We would impress these facts strongly on the minds of all. In sickly seasons live temperately and trouble not yourselves about your personal danger; if your friend is attacked and you can serve or console him, think not of your exposure, but visit and minister to him; and if you do this with disinterested zeal, with a ready hand and willing heart, with a clear conscience and undaunted spirit, you will find your reward in almost certain immunity. We know no other protection—we can give no better counsel.—*Boston Med. Jour.*

Newspaper Motto.—When the Essex Massachusetts Register was established, in 1800, Mr. Carlton, the Editor, on making up the first number, thought an appropriate motto would not be amiss to attach to the paper, which at first was called the Salem Impartial Register. Just before the first form was ready to be slipped on the press, Mr. Justice Story, then a student in the office of Judge Prescott, and a friend to Carlton, stepped in, to see how the new paper progressed. Here, Story, said the printer, take a pen, and write a motto for the Register, or it will be too late. In as many minutes, the four lines which follow were the production of the young poet—

Here shall the PRESS the People's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain:
Here patriot TRUTH her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Important to Editors.—We understand that an ingenious mechanic has lately invented and constructed a machine for the manufactory of "ITEMS," which promises to be of important advantage to the public in general, and Editors in particular. The machine is described as being something similar in its general appearance to a *Coffee-mill*—a variety of articles on interesting subjects, each not exceeding *half a column* in length are cut from the newspapers, and trasferred to the hopper. On turning a crank they disappear instantly, and in a few moments on examining the drawer beneath—they will be found in a new shape—thoroughly *condensed*—in a word converted into Epigrams, Conundrums, and "Items!"—*Exeter News Letter.*

Country School Examination.—Master. We have at length, ladies and gentlemen, (speaking to the visiters,) got through with the Latin and Greek classes, and you must have perceived the aptness of the boys in their reading, translating and parsing. I shall now examine the mathematical and astronomical class; they are all fine boys such as I should never be ashamed of claiming as my pupils. Come up the first mathematical class. Very well; now, John, name the twelve signs of the zodiac.

John. Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scipio—

Master. What?

John. Scip—Scip—Scorpio, Sag-i-tarius—

Master. Well, what next?

John. Cholera morbus—

Master. Ha! what? cholera morbus?

John. Well, it's something like it, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

Master. Very well. Now, Thomas, stand up and tell me the reason, why all bodies fall to the earth.

Thomas. They don't all on 'em; some go up.

Master. True, but taking away the resistance of the atmosphere, what is the cause of bodies falling?

Thomas. Why, I don't recollect the name, but it's something that Parson —— has got when he preaches on Sundays—

Master. And pray what's that?

Thomas. I don't know the name, sir.

Master. Ho, ho, I suppose you mean *gravity*. Very well. If the earth should fly from its orbit where would it go to?

Thomas. Out yonder.

Master. Take your seat. Bill, can you tell me when two lines are parallel?

Bill. Yes, sir; when they don't come up wheres near one another.

Master. And what's the shortest distance between two points?

Bill. Right straight a-head.

Master. Very well, indeed. You can go now. *Bait. Visitor.*

Bonnets at Concerts.—When the Duke of Argyle was one night at the theatre, a person entered the same box in boots and spurs. The Duke arose, and with great ceremony expressed his thanks to the stranger, who, somewhat confused, desired to know why they were bestowed. The Duke gravely replied, "For not bringing your horse into the box."

Whenever a lady enters a Concert Room, with a bonnet on, and takes a seat in front of us, we feel strongly inclined to bow down before her and express our gratitude that she has neither a parasol over her head, nor an infant child in her lap.—*Boston Transcript.*

Lord Dormer and Mr. Edward Monckton both stuttered dreadfully. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr. Monckton seeing Lord Dormer making a vain attempt to give utterance to his words, said to him, "My dear lo—o—ord, wh—y do—'nt you go to the man that cu—cu—cur—cured me?"

British and Foreign Bible Society.—The annual meeting was held on the 3d of May, Lord Bexley in the chair. The report stated that though the income of the Society was less by £13,000 than last year, if they were to deduct the legacies made in 1830 and 1831 there had been an increase of £647 on the subscriptions. The number of Bibles and testaments issued amounted altogether to 503,888, the greatest number issued in one year. There had been 260 new subscription societies—4000 copies of the Bible had been distributed in Manchester—the Prussian committee had distributed 53,000 copies—170,000 had been distributed in France—40,000 in Malta—1200 in Greece—11,000 in Calcutta—great progress had been made in the West Indies, and 1000 copies had been distributed in Mexico—many auxiliary societies had been formed in the United States and in Scotland; and 1000 copies of the New Testament had been distributed among Jews in Hebrew.

NEWSPAPER BULL.—A morning paper of Tuesday states, that there are not less [fewer] than eight noble branches of the noble family of Howard, which it proceeds to enumerate, and includes "Howard of Escrick, *extinct*," and "Howard of Marnhill, *also extinct*." This is very like a tree having eight branches only two of them fallen off.—*ib.*

COMMERCIAL POLITENESS.—Even the vile traffic in figs, treacle, and oil, cannot reduce the Freeclman to the level of a tradesman. An oil merchant of Marseilles, writing to his correspondent at Bordeaux, says "Oils are at present very low—*not so* the esteem with which I have the honour to be, &c."

Puzzle.—If acceptances could speak, what noble Roman would their name?—*Cash-us.*

MISCELLANY.

TO A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Whence art thou, flower?—from holy ground,
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle blast or trumpet sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
'Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrents' foam,
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt
That calm, devoted band;
And rose, and made their spirits felt
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grutli's freeborn flower!
Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

From the Atlas.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.

From a new work by Capt. Mundy, late Aide de Camp to Lord Combermere, we derive the extracts subjoined.

A ROYAL PROGRESS.

"About two miles from the town we encountered his majesty of Oude, accompanied by a numerous and splendid retinue. The king and the commander-in-chief, after a fraternal embrace, continued their march in the same howdah. Our cavalcade was most formidably augmented by this last reinforcement, and it must have presented an imposing spectacle to the myriads of lookers-on as we entered the city. The king, Nusseer-ood-Deen Hyder, is a plain, vulgar-looking man, of about twenty-six years of age, his stature about five feet nine inches, and his complexion rather unusually dark. His majesty's mental endowments, pursuits, and amusements, are by no means of an elevated or dignified order; though his deficiences are in some measure supplied by the abilities and shrewdness of his minister, who is, however, an unexampled rogue, displaying it in his countenance with such perspicuity of development, as would satisfy the most sceptical unbeliever in Lavater. He is detested by all ranks, with the exception of his royal master, who reposes the most perfect confidence in him. I remarked, that the attendant who sat behind him in the howdah, kept his finger twisted in the knot of his lord's sword, as though he feared the possibility of some wronged wretch snatching it out of the scabbard, from the roof or window of the overhanging houses, and making free with the wearer's head;—which act, *par parenthese*, would be doing the state some service. The streets of Lucknow are extremely narrow,—so much so, as in some places scarcely to admit more than one elephant to pass at a time. The houses, from the windows of which were displayed silks and draperies, were, as well as the streets, completely covered with spectators; some of them employed in greeting their sovereign with profound salaams; the greater proportion, however, consisting of wretched-looking beggars, who followed the cavalcade, vociferating for charity, and greedily scrambling for the handfuls of rupees which were from time to time thrown by the king, the commander-in-chief, and the resident, among the crowd. It was curious to see with what care the elephants avoided treading upon or injuring some of these paupers, who, in eager pursuit of the scattered largesse, fearlessly threw themselves under the feet of these animals, the slightest touch of which would have shattered a limb. A few coins thrown on the roof of a house sometimes caused the most amusing scramble; and I more than once saw one of the gleaners roll into the street upon the heads of the gaping crowd below. In some of the narrow passes the crush was awful; the elephants trumpeting, howdahs and ladders tearing and crashing; and now and then the projecting roof or veranda of a house carried away by the resistless progress of these powerful animals. The strongest elephants and most determined mahouts held the first places in the cavalcade, next to the king, the commander-in-chief, and the resident. The princes royal were not unfrequently most unceremoniously jostled; and as for the minister, he was generally among the 'unplaced.'"

INDIAN HORSES.—"We rode by the ancient fortress—the lofty walls and gateways of which have crumbled but little beneath the weight of seven hundred years—and proceeded, after sundry mishaps from the fighting propensities of our horses, to the great task, by plunging into which some fellows, bred to the profession, gain a precarious livelihood. By the by, these Indian horses are great anti-*tête-a-têtists*; whilst their riders are unsuspectingly engaged in conversation, they get their noses together, and suddenly warn you of their misunderstanding by a loud squeal and a most ill-timed rear; and if one cavalier vacates his seat, the loose horse renders the situation of the still mounted man scarcely more enviable than that of his sprawling companion, by attacking him most viciously. Arabs are generally better tempered; but the native Indian horses from Kutch, Kattlawan, and the Lacka jungles are proverbially savage. In the cavalry regiments there are always some noted 'haram zadehs,' or *mauvais sujets*, that 'shew fight' the moment a fellow charger comes within twenty yards of them; and instances are known of these vicious brutes (in humble emulation of Diomed's carnivorous mares) worrying their riders with their teeth, after having thrown them. When in the ranks, however, they are, like pugnacious characters in human society, tamed by education, discipline, and custom, into better behaviour."

WEAPONS.—"The Seikhs have a great variety of weapons. I observed, among his escort, the musket, matchlock, sword, spears of sundry forms, dagger, and battle-axe; but the arm that is exclusively peculiar to this sect, is the quoit; it is made of beautiful thin steel, sometimes inlaid with gold; in using it, the warrior twirls it swiftly round the fore-finger, and launches it with such deadly aim as, according to their own account, to be sure of their man at eighty paces."

FAIR AT HURDWAR.—"Before breakfast, went into the cattle-fair with Colonel Stevenson, and bought a handsome, though small mule for the mountain journeys. The price was eighty rupees, for which sum a fine camel may be purchased. We took a native bargainer with us, and I was much amused by the manner in which the buyer and seller arranged their bargain. The business of chaffering was carried on through the medium of their hands, concealed under a cloth, certain movements of the fingers having corresponding prices. It was a matter of some minutes, and much shaking of heads, though no verbal altercation, was gone through on both sides before the bargain was concluded. We next inspected some elephants for sale; and the dealers descanted upon their good points as largely and as knowing as Tattersall could do on those of a horse—though the perfections of the two animals differ considerably. An elephant is extolled for a large head, large ears, arched back, sloping quarters, deep flank, long trunk well mottled, short legs, and the forearm bowing out well in front. The flat bunch of hair at the extremity of the tail is also a great desideratum."

QUIETING INFANTS.—"Another equally peculiar trait of the customs of the Himalayan peasants I witnessed a few days afterwards; namely, the putting an infant to sleep by the action of water. The successful issue of this experiment I had quietly made up my mind not to believe in, until convinced by actual ocular proof. The method was as follows:—the child, whose age might be a year or two, was laid by its mother, who was employed in bruising grain, on a charpoy placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell, at the height of about half a foot, on to the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution. It may be that it fortifies the pericranium, and addles the brains of its advocates; for the generality of the mountaineers are decided numskulls."

SCENERY.—At a celebrated pass called the Shattoul pass, the ascent to which was accompanied by many dangers, the description of the scenery is picturesque:

"In the afternoon Colonel Dawkins mounted to the ridge of the pass, and looked into the valley beyond. He described the prospect as dreary and wild in the extreme; the Sutledge river was, from the height of its rocky banks, and its great distance below his station, scarcely visible; in the distance towered yet another grand range of snow-clad mountains, some of whose peaks claim the supremacy in altitude over all the mountains of the globe; the highest of the Dewalgiri range being above twenty-six thousand feet. The Shattoul pass is above fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty feet; and the inaccessible peak which elevates itself above its right flank has been computed at seventeen thousand and thirty-five feet. Thus the pass of Shattoul is, as near as may be, co-lofty with Mount Blanc, which boasts an elevation of fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty feet."

MIRAGES.—Not far distant, a remarkable phenomenon is mentioned.

"I saw here the most extraordinary effect of mirage that I ever met with. That optical delusion, styled by the Arabs, suhrab, or 'water of the desert,' is common in the plains of India; but I did not suppose that mountain scenery was susceptible of it. A deep precipitous valley below us, at the bottom of which I had seen one or two miserable villages in the morning, bore in the evening a complete resemblance to a beautiful lake; the vapour, which played the part of water, ascending nearly half way up the sides of the vale, and on its bright surface trees and rocks being distinctly reflected. I had not been long contemplating the phenomenon, before a sudden storm came on, and dropped a curtain of clouds over the scene."

REMARKABLE FURY IN A HORSE.

As very apposite to the preceding remarks on the Horses of India, we quote a scene from the Adventures of a Younger Son. The writer had been riding out alone, when he beheld at a distance on the sandy plain the appearance of some unusual commotion.—*it* was

"My first impression of its being some one in pursuit subsided, on discovering that I was between it and the tower. I endeavoured to distinguish what it was; but all I could see was a silvery cloud of sand rising in a bright circle, and a dark object, at intervals discernible. I mounted, and galloped towards it. As I advanced, I saw it was a horse, running incessantly in a round. I went on, and amid the clouds of sand, I saw that the lunging and plunging of the horse was every instant more violent. My own threw up his crest, replied to his loud neighings, and pressed on; but, on approaching the object, my astonishment was raised to the highest pitch at a voice hailing me, and at beholding a man, in a cavalry uniform, half covered with sand, while the sweat and blood were trickling down from his close-cropped poll to his forehead and face. I shouted out,—"What is the matter?" when the horse came towards me. His large eye and expanded nostrils were of deep crimson, and the blood from several gashes on his head, neck, and flanks, mingled with the white foam on his bright black skin. With erect mane and tail, and open mouth, he came to within a few yards of me. I pulled up, and drew my sabre. He then wheeled round, and, making several circles within each other in rapid motion, he flung out his hind legs at the prostrate soldier, whose sword defended him with difficulty. The horse endeavoured to avoid being cut by alertness and rapidity. The saddle and housings, lying by the man, in some measure protected him. On being foiled in striking with his hind feet, the horse turned round short on his haunches, and, with startling ferocity, plunged in head foremost, like a tiger, striking with his fore feet right out, and even trying to get hold of the man with his teeth.

Here was a revolution,—the horse attempting to kill his rider, and using his armed hoofs against his head! In compliance with my spirit of freedom, I should have aided the horse, or remained neuter; but instinct impelled me to side with the biped. Pushing in to the rescue, I endeavoured to get between the two, but it was no easy matter; for the horse made no attack on me, on the contrary, he used every effort to avoid my interference. I hallooed, and tried to drive him off. He retreated a hundred yards, when as, once or twice, I was dismounting to succour the apparently exhausted man, he returned to the charge. However, from exertion and loss of blood, he waxed weak and less wary; so that, after many abortive attempts, I succeeded in ham-stringing him. He now gave one loud bellow, and strove, with a staggering gait, to gallop off, frequently falling. I followed, and had several cuts at him, till, faint from loss of blood, he fell, unable to rise.

I left him there, and went back to the man, who seemed in little better condition than the horse. All I could distinguish, in answer to my speaking to him, was—"Water!—water!—water!"—but I had none, nor was there any near us. The man's mouth was clotted, almost cemented with blood and sand; I wiped it and his nostrils with my jacket. Partly by signs, and partly by words, he directed me to open the holsters on his saddle. I did so, and found old Falstaff's substitute for a pistol, a bottle—not indeed of sack, but—of arrack. I gave him some, and rubbed his face and head with the remainder. This restored him, when I asked him to get up and ride my horse, till we should arrive at some hut. He waved his hand, and said,

"No! I have had enough of horses to-day."

"Well, will you walk?"

"How can I?" he replied, "my leg and my left arm are cracked; or you would not have found me beaten by that brute. If you had not come up, he would have finished me. I was nearly done. I never heard of such a thing before, though I have been a rough rider to the regiment for sixteen years, and crossed all sorts and breeds of cross-grained cattle. Never, till now, could one throw me from his back, without rearing, on a clean field. Then to come in upon me, like a wild beast, with hoof and tooth!—he must be mad. I hope you have killed him."

Dungaree was the nearest village. I mounted, rode thither, pressed a palanquin into service, and returned to the soldier. He was in great pain, but calmer. He told me, the horse belonged to the colonel of the regiment. He had been purchased, at a great price, of an Arab; was quiet at first, but afterward became so vicious and violent that none could mount him. "I," he continued, "undertook to tame him, or kill him. I have done my best. I tried in vain to work down his mettle; he was not to be beaten. Deprived of his food, he was only the more furious, and watched, with wonderful cunning, every occasion of kicking and biting me. Once he got hold of me by the back, and lifted me into his manger; and if I had not been tolerably strong, and assisted by others, he would have killed me. Whenever I rode him, he used every artifice to throw me; which he had never been able to achieve till to-day, when, by violent lungings and lashings-out, he worked the saddle down to his loins, and, in that situation, set off at full speed, and succeeded in shaking me off. As I was lying doubled up, he broke my arm, and, I believe my leg. Then, after going a short distance, he stopped, and wheeled round to renew the blow. I had, with great difficulty, drawn my sword; and till you, sir, came up, which was but a few minutes, he was attacking me in the way you found him. Though I had wounded him with my sabre in many places, the devil only grew more savage. I was frightened more at his looks than at any thing else; and I do verily believe, sir, he was the devil."

HIDDEN TREASURE.—"I have remarked, that the stories of treasure buried by the Moors are most current among the poorest people. It is thus kind Nature consoles with shadows for the lack of substantials. The thirsty man dreams of fountains and running streams, the hungry man of ideal banquets, and the poor man of heaps of hidden gold—nothing is certainly more magnificent than the imagination of a beggar."—*Irving.*

SLAVERY IN THE WEST INDIES.

From Mr. Bulwer's Magazine.

Something must be done with the Indies! Yes—but what? Oh! *fiat justitia ruat cælum*, cries the Abolitionist. Let us alone, says the Planter, and we shall get on very well. The advice of neither is to be taken, decides a third: we must not emancipate, and ruin the Colonies: we must not leave the Slave in the power of the Planter, nor, what is more likely, the Planter in the power of the Slave.

The Fiat Justitia principle is, that the Slave is his own property; that to retain him, is to rob him of himself; to do justice, therefore, means to restore the stolen goods. The *ruat cælum* which follows, is the establishment of another Hayti, and a race of Boyers and Petions: this is not a consummation to be wished, either for the blacks or the whites.

To do nothing in the matter, is a recommendation that cannot be followed, for all parties are in motion; and to do nothing, is simply to be left behind. The Slaves will be free, the Abolitionists will emancipate, and nobody temporizes but the British Government the eternal temporizer.

The question is, undoubtedly, a scabrous one; and its discussion is rendered more difficult by the combined power of ignorance and eloquence that has been brought to bear on it. The contest has been one of bugbears; it has been who shall frighten the other out of the field. For this goodly purpose, there is scarcely any kind of horror that has not been tried. The result is, that both parties absolutely foam at the mouth, are bespread with the pallor of affright, and suffer under an excitement of the imagination extremely inimical to the progress of truth.

Now, as to a slave's *right* to be free. Do they who enunciate this proposition with the greatest confidence understand the nature of this right? It may be just as well said a slave has a right to be happy, and generally, that every man has the right to be happy. How many of us get our rights? That, it is true, is the best state in which the most of us have this same right. Freedom is said to be one of the grand constituents of this happiness; it is, however, a rare luxury. Look at the condition of three parts of the globe; three-quarters of the population of the globe may be divided into tyrants and slaves: in the countries more especially whence we derive our Colonial slaves, man is at a discount—life is a drug—blood is spilt like water, and always has been. The African tyrant says of his subjects, "*Kill a few:*" as the proprietor of a rabbit-warren observes to his friend with a fowling-piece over his shoulder.

Slavery has many degrees: in the extremest form, the slave is wholly at the disposition of the master, life, limb, and labour. This is the common idea attached to the word, and which ordinarily arises in the mind on the mention of the subject. The form in which it exists in the West Indies is a mild one, milder than the form of New South Wales. The master claims the labour only of an individual, and that labour is restricted in quantity. In return, he is supplied with ample subsistence, habitation, and attire. It is certainly an inconvenient forme of society: we are all slaves, more or less, but it is better that an abstract idea, *necessity*, should be the general master, and that no fellow-creature should be placed in that relation to another. The truth, however, is that though freemen are often changing their masters, they generally have one. Take the agricultural laborer of England, in the most favorable point of view: he shall have worked from dawn to sunset, Sundays and fevers excepted, for perhaps fifteen years, and under the same master. In illness, he has applied to the parish for the support of his family; in health, he has earned just so much as would purchase the necessaries of life. If this man were turned off by his employer, work being scarce, he would probably experience an interval of destitution, or at best, scanty relief: he would job a day here and there, at a low rate, and perhaps lose a year or more before he ensured a regular supply of the necessaries of life, by again falling into a place of constant employment. When his wife is brought to bed, he must have been provident enough, or starved enough, to have saved the doctor's guinea, or the doctor will not come; nay, will parley with him in the night, while the wretched woman is in the agonies of labour, to learn, before he stirs from his bed-room, whether the one-and-twenty shillings have been duly garnered in the broken pitcher on the shelf—the poor man's bank! True, at this time, the lady-patronesses of the neighbourhood are bountiful; they are charitable of caudle and condolence; but heavily falls the voice of condescension on the unhappy father. Here this man's labour is the property of no particular master—he would be glad if it were a commodity his master were bound to take—but is it his own? or is it not something, being his own, he must exchange, but is with difficulty able to meet with one who will take the burthen from his arms? Say what we please, such a man is the slave of any one who will constantly employ him. His only retreat from slavery is the parish—a worse slavery. There is much in a name. A Manchester weaver is similarly situated—the difference is for the worse; the filth, and vice, and uncharitableness of towns, being

added to the chances of utter destitution. Here, as in other cases, the resort is the prison or the parish—the two great retreats of the noble Briton, whose flag flies from the groves of the Antilles to the jungles of Arracan.*

In the West India question, names have had far greater force than things. Cruelty is exercised everywhere—would it were not! Sometimes the iron is burnt into the soul, sometimes upon the back. The fact of our being *contemporary* with suffering, makes it neither more nor less; and the idea that it exists at the same moment with us, ought not to transport the mind beyond the bounds of reason. It is our duty to mitigate suffering and diminish cruelty wherever found, but one generation cannot do everything, and a too hurried course of procedure may aggravate the wound we would heal.

In England, a man is compelled to labour by the fear of starvation—in Jamaica, by the fear of punishment. For himself, the Negro is under no motive to work—the desultory labour of one month would support him for the rest of the twelve. We must, therefore, if we expect to make the black population of the West Indies labour, give them a motive. Where is another to be found?

This is the difficulty in the grand conversion of the negro-slave into the free peasant.

In our hearts, we believe the West Indian slave has all the requisites of a good British subject, under tutelage. It is utterly inconsistent with our principles, and it is painful to our sympathies, to witness the present state of things. We say not that we hate slavery, for this means nothing: we are indignant that, after the servile war of Rome, six thousand slaves should have been crucified in double rows, which reached nearly all the way from Rome to Capua: we always steam with wrath when this fact is presented to us; and what does that signify? At Rome, this was deemed an example of the Fiat Justitia; but we are educated differently and far better, and have less selfish sympathies. There is not a man in the country, be he Colonist or Abolitionist, who does not wish to see the end, or rather a smooth course, for this great experiment of *forced emigration*. We are, in fact, in the most difficult point of it, at the spot where the two roads part—the one to Industry and Prosperity, the other to Carnage and Savagery. If the Legislature of England proceed in their old track of Colonial blunder, the way the slaves will take is pretty apparent; but, we trust, better times are coming.

The question now is, and for the settlement of which all the wisdom and experience of the country ought to be brought into action, how the working slave may be turned into a working peasant?

Those who are careless of Colonies, and independent of sugar, ask why the free peasant should work if he does not like it. The answer is short: industry is preliminary to every scheme of permanent happiness, however rich the soil. But there is another answer, which would immediately satisfy the person most difficult to be satisfied—the candescent Wilberforcite. The average importation of sugar from the various sugar-gardens of the world, during the three years ending with 1830, was nearly as follows:—

	Tons.
British West Indies, including Demerara and Berbice	193,000
Mauritius	25,000
Bengal, Bourbon, Java, &c.	30,000
Cuba and Porto Rico	95,000
French, Dutch, and Danish West Indies	95,000
Brazil	70,000
Tons	508,000

Now, if two-fifths of the supply of the European market were withdrawn, not only in sugar but in rum, or other West India productions, what would be the natural consequence? An enormous stimulus on the industry of Cuba and other fertile islands, out of our jurisdiction, to be satisfied only by an additional supply of slaves. These places at present—more particularly all those within Spanish authority—carry on the slave-trade with activity: but the reward consequent on the neutralizing of our West India islands would be such, that, probably, the Spanish and other slave-trades would, for many years, be quintupled—an amount which would equal that of the most virulent period of this flagitious commerce. Thus our Abolitionists would, simply out of a mistaken humanity, be undoing all the great work to which their patriarch owes his immortal name, and for which humanity owes them "a national debt!" No! if the negro is to be converted into a free peasant, let us have the benefit of modern experience.

The man who is neither slave nor freeman enjoys a crepuscular state of being exceedingly difficult to preserve. The planter may encroach, the labourer may be discontented; who is to decide? A protector institution would cost an enormous sum, and we do not know who would pay any thing for so equivocal an establishment.

The practical suggestions for real emancipation have been few, the preliminary steps taken which lead from a state of slavery, many: the result is, that the subject of all this solicitude is left in a state of *bascule*, as mischievous to himself as it is injurious to his capitalist.

The condition of the slave of the Antilles at this moment is simply this; he owes so many hours of labor to the proprietor of a particular estate as long as he lives, and that proprietor owes him so many pounds of food *per diem*, so many slops, so much garden ground. The cases of cruelty are much dwelt upon: it is heart breaking to think that such cases in different forms occur every where and in all parts of the world; but let it be recollected that among the slaves of an estate there is not, as with us, a distinction made between the respectable and the *maucais sujets*; and that in many cases, if closely looked into, it might appear that the ill-treated person was a most refractory and unmanageable character. In free countries such a person would meet with a cart-whipping, the *carcan*, the hulks, or transportation; that is to say, the worst kind of slavery. It is the plain interest of every planter, proprietor manager, or attorney, to treat every labourer well, and when we meet melancholy exceptions, let us look for a moment to our own list of capital convictions, solitary imprisonments and tread-wheel inflictions. The advertisements in the West India papers have done more to mislead the mind of the public, than many long and intemperate speeches. But let them be compared to our Hue and Cry; and if the deserters from our army and navy were advertised for, where would be the difference? Would not the marks of the lash (if the climate encouraged bare backs) always, when they existed, be looked to as a means of identification? We say not this to defend the use of the whip, if it be defensible; but let wide justice be done. Do not anathematize the planter, and eulogize the military officer. Vagabondage, be it also remarked, in the state of society existing in the West Indies, is an *a priori* argument of crime. Where labour is a fixed plant, it is suspicious to find it on the move. And this must be borne in mind when the detentions advertised in these same newspapers are brought in evidence of the cruelty and oppression of the laws of the West Indies. But neither these nor other considerations are made—the state of the slave is compared with an ideal state of liberty, and the result of the comparison is a howl of lamentation to be heard all over the land, and across the Atlantic.

As long as the question is in the hands of individuals, there is more difficulty than necessary in its management. A paramount legislature might, we think, settle it without all this excessive agitation, and in a manner causing no loss to any one.

The average worth of an adult slave is between 70 and 80*l.* in our West India Islands. Now supposing a large company established at Swan River, having a commercial connexion, what would they give for the life interest in a full grown man's labour?—at least the West India price. What does this mean but that the existence of a disposable labour on a fertile spot is of great and essential value to the capitalist? And does it matter whether the individual's labour belongs to one proprietor, or to a company of proprietors, or to the whole body of the proprietors, as in England? There is in our West India Islands a co-existence of capital and labour which is invaluable, but to bring out their true use, there must be perfect amalgamation; how is this to be brought about? Suppose that in the case of any particular island, the following experiment were made. Let the whole island be taken possession of by a President, a Board of Counsellors chosen partly among men conversant with the Antilles, but independent of its produce. Let it be divided into districts, and a magistrate stationed in every square of ten miles, he, and indeed all the authorities of the Island, supported by an efficient force. In the mean time every local proprietor, or manager, should be withdrawn, and a substitute, black or white, placed, having a full inventory and a personal cognizance of every estate or district under his charge. Next, let every acre of unappropriated land be formally taken possession of in the name of the King of England; if it can be cultivated by free emigrants from Britain, or freed men from other islands, let it be so at a given rent. All this being prepared, let the entire emancipation of the Negroes be proclaimed.

What is the consequence? subsistence they have none, and the lands on which they depend are not theirs, but belong nominally to the estate where they are found, or rather to the Board of Management, or, as it might be expressed, to the King. If they retain them, they must pay a *rent*; and if they expect not to starve, they must sell the only merchandize they have—their labour. Thus takes place a revolution, which implies this change—that the labour which before belonged to *different individuals* now belongs to the *whole island*.

With the proclamation of freedom it should be announced that every day's labour for an adult would be remunerated at a given rate—that the unoccupied land might be had on such and such terms—that at the Government depot every hundred weight of sugar, coffee, or other articles of European consumption, would be received according to a varying price list, just as silver and gold were received at the mints of the Spanish Government of India. That these were the *sole conditions of freedom*—that in all respects *civil rights were equal*, and that *the code of laws* was that which regulates their fellow-subjects of Great Britain, equally administered to the blacks and whites, by persons properly qualified. We are sanguine as to the success of this project as regards the slaves—no longer slaves—and as respects the capitalists no loss would be sustained after the first year, but on the contrary, there would be ease and gain. We only fear, that in the manner in which our Government has been carried on of late years, the occasion would be seized upon as a famous opportunity for jobbing. This is, however, an objection that lies against every change, and as changes go on in spite of it, we suppose it is not insurmountable.

In a paper of this description it is impossible to enter into details; but because the plan is hastily announced, let it not be thought crudely conceived. There is a dilemma of the most peremptory description in the West Indies, and we shall soon have to choose between its horrors.

A Council for the Indies, with a code of laws managed South America in perfection, according to its principles; under other and far more enlightened principles, might our colonies be trained to the enjoyment of perfect freedom.

A West India proprietor would become like a fund holder, inscribed a state creditor in the great West Indian Book, and would quarterly be entitled to his dividend, redeemable under circumstances which may be made matter of future arrangement.

In connexion with the preceding article the following remarks from Saturday's Atlas will be appropriate.

It was lately announced that Lord Goderich, on behalf of the British Government, had given notice of an intention, at the present session of Parliament, to bring forward a measure of substantial relief to the West India Interest, the benefits of which were to be granted on a certain specific condition. This condition is the assent of the Legislative Colonies to the provisions of the Order in Council of Nov. 24 1831—for improving the condition of the slaves in British Guiana, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Mauritius, and the Cape of Good Hope,—Colonies immediately under the Crown, and recommended for adoption to those having Legislative Assemblies. The details of that Order in Council it is needless to point out; but a general impression of its nature will be gathered from an extract we furnish from the speech of the Governor of Barbados, in inviting the attention of the Colonial Legislature to its provisions.

"Most carefully (says Sir James Lyon) have I considered, most attentively have I perused them, and I should fail in my duty towards my Sovereign, as I should in rendering a just tribute to the system generally adopted in this Colony, did I not, as the result of such consideration, declare it as my opinion that in the various details of this Order, there are few concessions demanded from the Master, or are there in truth, boons therein claimed for the slave, which do not at this moment, in all well regulated estates, either actually exist, or in lieu of which, equivalents are not amply substituted. Still, however, occasional instances of cruelty and oppression will occur, and in this, as in every other Country, powerful barriers must be raised to prevent the consequences of human frailty, and to stay the effects of human passion. Let it then be a subject of calm and anxious consideration, whether by the enactment of such provisions as are in the Order in Council proposed for your adoption, that system and those regulations under which the greater part of our slave population enjoy comfort, happiness and protection, would not more faithfully be extended to the whole body. Whether by the aid of such enactments justice would not be yet more invariably tempered with mercy, and to the slave (as the property of the rich man or of the poor man—of the just, or of the unjust)—whether an equally kind and judicious treatment, with every protection from violence and from wrong, would not be more effectually ensured."

The despatch of Lord Goderich in which the determination of the Government is expressed is couched in mild, but decisive language. It recapitulates the history of all the efforts made since the year 1823 for an adjustment of the West Indian slavery question, and sets forth not only the present intentions of the Government, but the motives by which they are actuated. "I am anxious (says Lord Goderich) to convey to them [the Colonial Legislature] an adequate impression of the necessity which exists for us to step towards the redemption of the pledges given with the concurrence of the West India body in 1823, and of the solicitude which we have felt to consult the interests of the planters, simultaneously with those of the slaves, and to accomplish by such means as should be the least unacceptable to the owners of West Indian property, an object which it has become impossible to postpone without compromising the dignity and consistency of the Imperial Legislature, and occasioning danger to all parties concerned." This recapitulation being finished—with an explanation of the absolute necessity there is for the strict and positive language employed—Lord G. thus sets forth the decision of the Government.

"I have, therefore, to announce to you the fixed determination of His Majesty's Government to propose to Parliament in the present Session, and so soon as the details of this, in common with their other financial operations for the year 1832 can be arranged, a measure of substantial relief to the West Indian Interest, and that this measure will be so framed as to take effect upon the produce of the Crown Colonies as a matter of course, and upon that of those only of the other Colonies in which the provisions, in their precise terms and in their entire extent, of His Majesty's Order in Council of the 2d ult. for improving the condition of the Slaves in British Guiana, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Mauritius, and the Cape of Good Hope, shall have acquired in perpetuity the force of Law. It cannot be too distinctly explained that the measures to be submitted to Parliament will be so framed that the indispensable condition of receiving the consequent benefit will be the fact of a statute having passed the Colonial Legislature, simply and without qualification in terms, or limitation of time, declaring the Order in Council to possess the force of Law in the Colony."

The Governor of Barbados in presenting the subject to the Legislature of that Island, thus expresses himself in conclusion: "This is a subject for most serious reflection. Nor should it be forgotten that consequent upon the adoption of this Order in Council measures of substantial and of permanent relief are promised to those interests which are now so sensibly and so generally depressed."

THE PRESS AND THE KING.

On the occasion of a late political disappointment in England, the London Morning Chronicle thus expresses itself:—"There is no use in denying that the King has not kept faith with Earl Grey, who, before he consented to take office, made an efficient Reform a *sine qua non*, and his Majesty was consequently bound to place at his disposal all the means within the competence of the Crown, necessary for the effecting of that object. But though we cannot find any apology for the desertion of Earl Grey, we are not of the number of those who suppose his Majesty was not in earnest when he consented to the proposition of Reform, and when he gave his approbation to the particular plan of Reform embodied in the two Bills. We have already attributed the change in his Majesty's views to the influence over him, possessed by the Queen and others—an influence which has been exerted to the worst purposes, both as regards his Majesty future peace of mind and the interests of this great nation. There is a material difference between irresoluteness and insincerity. It is incident to Kingly Government that causes seemingly trivial often determine the most momentous events. A cup of coffee spilt by the Duchess of Marlborough on the gown of Mrs. Masham, bed-chamber woman to Queen Anne, brought the Tories (Harley and Bolingbroke, &c.) of that day into office. The family of his Majesty have not been slow to perceive the advantages which they might personally derive from their influence over His Majesty. We have always felt little disposed to draw aside the veil which concealed the movements of the Fitzclarence family from the public eye; because aware of their influence, we deemed it on the whole advisable, for the sake of the great cause to wink at many things which, in themselves, might not be strictly justifiable. We almost wish that Ministers had with respect to this family, yielded more than they were disposed to do. It is, however, understood that some unwillingness on the part of Government to feed the insatiable cupidity of the Fitzclarences, has sealed the fate of the Reform Bill. The Queen, the Fitzclarences, and the Princesses were its bitter enemies. The earl of Munster, it is true, voted for the second reading of the Bill; the vote on that occasion was, as has been proved, a very equivocal test of sincerity to the cause. From the Quarterly Review of March last, it would appear to have been, by that time, ascertained that Lord Munster was a good Tory. The Reviewer, speaking of a publication of his Lordship's, observes, "We must, for the present, leave Lord Munster. Throughout, his little volume is full of interest, evidently the work of a humane and gallant mind—an enthusiastic soldier of Wellington, *and a hearty Tory*." However, hearty Tory as this humane and gallant mind is, appliances might have been found, perhaps, to neutralize his Tory propensities. The extent of the influence of this family in defeating the Reform Bill, might, like many other things, have been more a matter of inference than of direct knowledge, were not cupidity a passion which is sometimes so strong as to overcome prudence. When there are rival pretensions, there will often be jealousies and bickerings; and, as in the case of many other great families, the affection of the Fitzclarences for each other has not always been proof against the workings of a stronger passion. In short, it appears that the peace of the family has been too often disturbed by quarrels respecting what, for want of a more decorous phrase, we must term the division of the spoil. Some allowance must be made for the weakness of the King, good-hearted as he is known to be, under all the circumstances of the case. We understand that he actually cried like a child, on taking leave of a favourite minister; and it is even whispered that he regretted that he must succumb to the wishes of his wife and children. The people of England should know that the Queen and the Fitzclarences are the real causes of the loss of the Bill. History affords some instructive lessons with regard to the influence of Queens over their husbands; and her Majesty herself might profit from these lessons. Charles the First and Louis the Sixteenth—the two Monarchs whose fate is held up by Tories, as a proof of the danger of yielding to the people; and by Whigs and Reformers, as an example of the danger of driving the people to the necessity of doing justice to themselves—were both suffering from yielding to the counsels of their respective Queens, Henrietta-Maria and Marie-Antoinette. The results are known. The Queen might profit by all

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* We know the liberal opinions as well as the talents and information of our correspondent; but we are not quite satisfied with his comparison between the slave and the peasant: for supposing them on a par as to the comforts they enjoy, which, we fear, is more than probable, we must remember, that slavery itself, on the one side, *is a barrier to amelioration*, which does not exist on the other. This is no inconsiderable difference: for to legislate wisely, it is not enough to provide for man as he is, but to see that there is no obstacle to his advancement: and in all comparisons between one state of mankind and another, we must give the preference to that which, though not better in itself at present, affords the greatest facilities for being better hereafter. This we consider the true reason why there can be no just comparison between the free man, however impoverished, and the slave, however supported.—Ed.

ng to mind that Henrietta-Maria, a stranger like herself in this country, and unable to divert herself of that partiality for absolute power which she had acquired abroad, brought her husband to the block and herself to beggary, having been indebted to the charity of the Cardinal de Retz, for the means of purchasing coals to escape death from cold in a severe winter. When we consider the situation of the Fitclarences, it appears to us to be downright infatuation in them to provoke the hostility of the people of England. They have been exceedingly ill-advised. They should have steered a quiet and inoffensive course, and have borne in mind that their title of consideration can gain nothing from too curious an examination. Boroughmongering Lords may claim a sort of prescriptive right to indulge in a wantonness of power: but the Boroughmongering Lords will not forget if the Fitzclarence are disposed to do so, the difference between their respective titles; and a time may come when this family will bitterly regret that they used their influence to deprive their old father of the regard of a nation which, in its fondness, hailed him as the Patriot King—a regard which to them would have been as a shield when deprived of other protection. So much for the Queen and the Fitzclarences.

GENERAL AGENTS—*For this Publication.*

Edmund Fowle, city of New York: Chester Wallbridge, Canandaigua, Ohio; Ericsson & Norvell, Booksellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, Georgia; and Geo. W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Burlington, Upper Canada.

STOCKS, STOCKS, STOCKS!

AN extensive assortment of every description, in particular the white hair patent self shaped stock, at 6 shillings each, others as low as 3s. For sale by L. Morange & Davis, 105 William st. Be particular to look for name and number. june 30.

CHOLERA.

MEDICATED VAPOUR BATHS, a certain preventive and cure for the Cholera, at 25 John st.—At a time when the public mind is so much excited, and their fears so justly raised, it is but humane to give publicity to the following easy, safe, and effectual remedy and cure. The most eminent physicians in Europe, among whom are Dr. Uccli, of Russia, and the physicians of Kingston upon Hull, in England who live where the Asiatic Cholera has raged with great violence, and who have had thousands of cases under their care, communicated officially by Mr. Hall, (consul to the American government, and published in the Commercial Advertiser, Jan. 9, 1832,) have given it as their decided opinion that the Medicated Vapour Bath was the most speedy, effectual, and safe cure they used. Certain it is there are no other means that can be used where the circulation can be so instantaneously restored as by the use of the Vapour Baths. They produce, in a few minutes, a most profuse perspiration and restore a genial warmth to the whole system, relieving the patient from cramp and spasms immediately. They can be taken at the houses of the afflicted, and proper persons to attend them instantly, on notice being sent to the Medicated Vapour Bath Establishment, No. 25 John street, where they are kept in constant operation at all times. june 30-c.

CHLORIDE OF SODA at 75 cents per gallon.—The subscriber offers for sale the best quality of Chloride Soda at 75 cents per gallon, and in bottles at 50 cents per bottle. Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, June 30. 377 Broadway.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D.

BY *Lolle Dorics*, at his old established U.S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. june 23-ci.

OIL OF MUSTARD.

A most important and valuable substitute for the Mustard Seed, which is an indispensable medicine for the Cholera Morbus, for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS.—Congress and Ballston Waters, fresh from the springs, for sale by GEO. D. COGGESHALL, Apothecary, june 30. corner of Pearl and Rose sts.

HAIR CLOTH.—2 cases of a superior quality, just received, and for sale low at the Cap Manufactory of L. MORANGE & DAVIS, 105 William st.

MISS GILBERT'S *Boarding and Day School.*—Miss Angelica Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Bleecker street (near La Roy Place) an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city.

The rudiments, as well as the higher branches usual in female education, are taught: the French language and Drawing by the first masters; and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.

Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, Rev Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jon., Leonard Kip, George Shipman, Ogden Edwards, John Coit, Esq., and others whose children have been at her school.

New-York April 28, 1832.

SYLVESTER. 130 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 23 for 1832, drawn June 27.—5 51 40 13 1 53 56 42 57.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & Mcintyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

July 7—Class 22, $15,000; 3,000 ..... $1
July 11—Class 23, 4 of 10,000 ..... $5
July 18—Class 24, $15,000, 5,000 ..... $4

Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

NOTICE.

T. SIMMS, original manufacturer in this city of satin beaver HATS, which are so much approved of and admired by the public, has concluded to sell them at the reduced price of $4 25 for the first quality, at his stores, 61 Canal st. and 131 Water st. where those wishing to obtain a Hat that is warranted to wear and retain its color in any climate, and equal in beauty to any $10 hat, are invited to call and select from a large assortment. je 30-c.

CAUTION.

L. MORANGE & DAVIS, having been appointed agents by the proprietor, for the sale of the Medicated Oil Silk for the cure of gout and rheumatism, beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that a spurious article has been forced into the market, thereby imposing on the credulous and defrauding the proprietor of that compensation, to which 18 years' labour for the public good so justly entitle him. They therefore give notice that each piece, or whatsoever smaller quantity, will be accompanied with a copy of the original certificate, signed by the most eminent gentlemen of the faculty in this city, and bear the signature of the subscribers, without which, none is genuine. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

june 30-c. L. MORANGE & DAVIS.

CURE *for Gout and Rheumatism.*—Medicated Oil Silk, for sale by L. MORANGE & DAVIS, june 30. 105 William st.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself, in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ci6m.

REMOVAL.

PIANO FORTE STORE,

395 Broadway, near Walkerst.

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metalic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-ci1y.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, Gilder, and Looking Glass Manufacturer, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*. The former bathing house is reserved for the *use of Ladies only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refections, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i.

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

Athenæum Rooms, corner of Broadway and Pine-st.

THE Exhibition of Animated Portraits, together with many novel Optical Illusions, opened for the first time, to the public, on Monday the 18th inst., to continue every clear day from 11 to 5 o'clock, Sundays excepted. Entrance in Pine street. Admittance, 25 cents; season tickets, 50 cents. june 23-etf.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION

OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW, AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, &c.,

AT the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening. may 23-ci

PASSAIC HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-ci.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John F. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Counties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat Legislator, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12½ cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M., 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane, may 9. c&i. near South st. N. York.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,

OLD ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, *No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Caps, Stocks, Cravat Stiffeners, Pantaloon-Straps and Springs, Vest Springs, Suspenders, Gloves, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd Muslin and Oil'd Linen, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N B. All orders punctually attended to.

june 13-ci1y.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER,*

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND

DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

PREMIUM.—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are *Incorruptible!* and with their *color*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the latest period of human existence. In point of *economy*, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting: and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor *any other relative*, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past,

No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.

PRINTING INK. The subscriber, who is a practical printer, has been, for the last fifteen years engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, and he flatters himself has given his customers general satisfaction. He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his typographical brethren. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the United States, of unchangeable color, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for its manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favourable terms.

Ink of various fancy colors, viz. red, blue, green, &c made to order. GEORGE MAYHER,
Oc 22 111 Prince street.

LEMON SYRUP.

THE best article in market is offered for sale by
Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
june 23. 377 Broadway.